

Memories of Nobody

by sakurademonalchemist

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Summary: Xion died...then she was brought back in the place of an infant that was killed. Empty for ten long years, she awakens again as Tania Potter, the girl who "lived". Except there is a dark secret festering in the world, and Hogwarts is in the middle of it. Can she and her 'pet' Shadow the Moogles find the truth before Darkness' pawn finds her? And what is the power she holds?

1. Awakening to a new Self

It was dark. It was silent. It was...empty.

But she had known that already. Had known what would happen when she died. And yet...

When she saw the light, it was only natural she went towards it. It reminded her of her friend. Of her friend, who was naturally inclined towards light magic.

The moment she touched the light, she heard something. Something strange, yet wonderful all the same. It was the squalling cry of a newborn infant.

She felt somewhat distant, yet at the same time protective of the infant girl. She seemed so happy, but then again she still had a heart.

Then the bad man came. He turned the strange wand at the baby, clearly intent on killing it. She didn't think about what might happen. She didn't care that she had been unable to affect anything in her current state. All she cared about was protecting that innocent heart from being destroyed.

Xion, Number 14 in the Organization, threw herself in front of the infant in what might as well be the most futile attempt to spare it's life.

The moment the light touched her, something strange and shocking happened.

She found herself in the Station of Awakening once again, only this time the infant was there as well. Except it's "heart" had been completely destroyed by the evil spell that had killed the mother. It would be less than a heartless, less than a Nobody like her.

It would be completely erased.

Xion approached the infant, unsure of what to do. Just picking it's silent form up made her incredibly sad.

**Do you want to save the child?**

Xion nearly jumped. It was the same voice that spoke to her when she first took up the keyblade, though she never remembered it after. After all, what reason would a Nobody remember a place like this once it was released from that place where all Nobodies drifted?

**Do you want to save the child?**

Xion didn't care about what it might cost her.

"Yes. I want to save it."

**If you save it, there is no going back. It's heart shall become your own, and you'll forever be tied to it's body.**

Xion looked at the tiny form in her arms. If she was understanding the voice right, then by saving it the infant's heart would become her own, and she would end up taking the infant's place... essentially binding their existences into the same person. Fragments of a broken shell that should have disappeared.

"What will happen to the infant?"

**It's heart and the heart of it's parents shall join Kingdom Hearts, and be reborn anew when it is time. It shall know peace.**

Xion nodded to herself, tears falling silently down her face. It was obviously too late for the infant...the curse had shattered it's Heart and there was no way to bring the 'heart' back. It wouldn't even be a Nobody.

But if she did this then it still had a chance to be reborn, as all Hearts had a chance of rebirth inside Kingdom Hearts.

"I'll take the infant's place," said Xion. It felt wrong to let such an innocent life be completely destroyed just because of a single spell.

**So be it. When you awaken once more, you shall remember. Only then will your powers return to you.**

Xion felt something latch onto her, and felt like she was falling once more.

All she would remember of that moment was feeling like something had grown inside her chest. Something wonderful...and at the same time, sad.

She blacked out and was awoken to the shriek of a woman she barely knew, and not with any fondness.

Petunia Dursley, the woman's sister and a rather nasty person all around. Xion had only followed the mother... no, her 'mother' Lily, once, to that woman's house, and she had not been pleasant.

* * *

><p>The girl was strange. Some might say she was quiet, if they were being polite, and empty if they were being blunt.<p>

Titania (everyone just called her Tania for short) wasn't exactly the most talkative of children. In fact many teachers would openly claim that the girl wasn't entirely there.

Petunia managed to avoid any suspicion by telling the truth, that the girl had seen her mother killed in front of her and she remembered the event.

Which was actually true. When questioned by concerned teachers, Tania gave a detailed account of a man coming into her room, saying something she didn't remember to her mother, and then a flash of light before her mother died.

To the police, it sounded as though her mother had been shot in front of her, and the trauma had imprinted itself rather thoroughly despite her young age. The fact she remembered the event in exacting detail said volumes of her intelligence and memory. However the doctors quickly realized that the girl had dissociated herself from the event, causing her to have what they called a "split personality".

Her name was Tania Marie Potter. She called herself Xion, but would answer to her 'given' name if she had to.

Petunia grit her teeth and bore the news in silence. She blamed those damn magic-wielding fools for dumping a damaged child on her family and demanding that she raise it. The girl was so empty that it was nearly impossible for her to treat her normally.

She didn't complain, she rarely spoke, and nothing seemed to kindle any interest whatsoever.

So Petunia did her best, and thankfully was able to give the girl something like a normal life. Primarily because she rarely, if ever, reacted to anything, so it was impossible for Vernon to take offense to her existence.

At this point she wasn't entirely sure that the girl even had magic, or if the trauma had caused it to be suppressed.

For ten long years, Petunia raised the girl as best she could. She bought her cheap, if pretty dresses that the girl wore without complaint. She taught her how to cook and clean, and many of the feminine things that she wished she could have taught her daughter,

had Dudley not effectively rendered her barren when he came out. He had been a big child even at birth, and he had wrecked her up good when he was born.

So far they were on the waiting list for a little girl, once an infant became available. She was also well aware that they were watching like hawks on how they treated Tania.

Finally, after ten long years, the dreaded letter came. Except it brought something she never thought she'd see on her niece's face.

Emotion. Genuine emotion...namely confusion.

Fortunately Petunia was able to hide the fact Titania had magic from Vernon. He never would have accepted it, and it was a miracle her empty nature hid the fact she even had it.

Emotions fueled magic, as Petunia was very well aware.

While Vernon took Dudley shopping for school things, Petunia took Tania out for hers. As far as Vernon knew, the girl had been accepted into an exclusive private school in Scotland.

At least Lily had told her where to find the most popular magical alley...even if she had to hold Tania's hand in order to get in.

* * *

><p>Tania was as indifferent as ever...right up until she heard something odd while they were passing the pet shop.<p>

"_Kupo!_"

She whipped her head around, startling Petunia greatly. Tania never took an interest in anything. Well, except books and that was only to kill time. Her favorite treat was ice cream.

Seeing the odd animal with a red pom pom on it's head bound and tied inside a cage, Petunia noticed her niece was intent on it.

"You want to go inside?"

Tania looked at her and nodded.

"Alright, but you're taking care of anything we get, and that includes cleaning up after any shedding or messes it makes."

"...Yes, auntie."

Tania went straight for the odd creature bound in the cage. It didn't look dangerous. The owner noticed her interest and sighed.

"You'd be better off looking at the cats, little lady. That thing keeps getting into trouble and brought back because it messes with your potion kits," he warned her.

Tania looked at him, and something made him flinch.

"How much?"

"Three sickles. Four if you want the cage too," he said.

From the rough overview of the currency, Petunia knew that he meant the silver pieces. Tania reached into her bag and pulled out three. Once she had the odd animal out of the cage, she unbound it.

"_Thanks for letting me out of there, Kupo! It was getting really cramped, Kupo!"_

"Shadow. Your name is Shadow," said Tania.

The odd creature paused, before looking at her properly. He seemed to _know_ Tania, which was impossible.

"_...Fourteen?"_ he asked carefully.

To the complete bafflement of Petunia and the owner, Tania nodded.

"Tania...do you know what that thing is?" asked Petunia.

"He's a Moogle. They specialize in creating things like potions," said Tania.

"...No brewing potions in our house, got it?" she told the odd creature. The 'Moogle' or whatever it was nodded.

"_Yes, ma'am, kupo!"_

"As long as he's in our house, he's to act like a doll until you're alone."

"Yes, Auntie," said Tania, hugging her new 'pet'.

"Good. Now the last items you're supposed to have are robes, your potion kit, and a wand. We'll save the wand for last and ask around where to find one, because I don't like that dodging looking one on the main street."

Ollivander might be famous for wands, but Petunia's finely honed OCD made her skin crawl just looking through the window. It looked like he hadn't bothered to dust properly in _decades_, and goodness knew what Tania might catch from the filth inside.

So she would look into alternatives.

Tania left Diagon with her aunt, this time armed with a strange robe that she would wear once she was on the train. However Shadow was already wearing an identical one, emblazoned with a symbol only Tania knew about.

Petunia didn't ask. If the odd creature brought her niece out of her self imposed shell, then she would tolerate it's existence in the house. At least it could speak English, which made it easier, even with that strange verbal tic.

* * *

><p>Once safely inside her room, Shadow spoke up.<p>

"_What happened to you, Kupo? You just disappeared one day and soon after Roxas went rogue, kupo," _asked Shadow, once again in the familiar garb of Organization 13. It wasn't a proper cloak of darkness, but he'd take it.

"I died. Then I was brought here by a strange light and someone asked if I would take the place of the infant that was killed. In exchange their Hearts would be restored and sent to Kingdom Hearts rather than be annihilated by that green spell," said Xion, sounding much more 'alive' than she had as Tania.

"_Sounds like they were hit with the Killing Curse, kupo. Nasty thing, kupo,"_ said Shadow, shaking his head sadly.

"I'm glad your here. At least now I won't be as alone as I thought," said Xion smiling.

"_I'm glad to see you as well, Kupo. I was going bonkers in that cage and having to deal with these wizards, kupo! They actually took offense that I'm better at 'potions' than they are, kupo, and refused to listen to me!"_ complained Shadow.

Every time some pure blood bought him as a pet for their child, his paws would itch to snag potions ingredients to use them properly. The pure bloods didn't like that, and they really didn't like the fact he was better at brewing than they were. Eventually he kept being returned because he was a 'lesser beast that did not know his place'.

Ironically, Xion was his _fourteenth_ owner.

At least he knew she wouldn't take offense to the fact he was better at potions.

Xion hugged the Moogles tightly. It was good to have a familiar face with her again.

Shadow hugged her back. He had been lonely too, and without his cloak he couldn't exactly _leave_ this world.

She was falling again, but that was okay because she recognized this particular one.

The Station of Awakening.

She knew the drill, having gone through it before even if she didn't remember it. She chose the staff and the sword, as she had never been very good at defense, but she was very good at magic.

When she woke up, she concentrated on her hand...and her old keyblade appeared.

Shadow blinked at it, but dismissed it because he had already known Xion was a keyblade user. He rolled over and went back to sleep. However to Xion it was a sign. It meant that she had started the first step towards gaining her own heart, and not a copy of

Kairi...her Somebody. Xion dismissed her weapon and curled around Shadow.

For the first time since being "reborn" as Titania Ivy Potter, she almost felt like she was home.

* * *

><p>Elsewhere in the void..._

Silver figures that danced in darkness all raised their heads. They had sensed the birth of a new Keyblade Bearer.

They sensed everything. Every birth, every death, every new Heartless. But it didn't effect them.

However...this was different. This was an entity like them, but not like them.

This was the rebirth of a Greater Nobody.

_The lesser Nobodies chattered to themselves in excitement. Perhaps this was the moment they had been waiting for. The return of someone who could give them purpose. Something that would give them a reason to _exist_, and perhaps...hope. Hope that they could regain their hearts and become Somebodies again._

After all...the Greater Nobodies had slowly developed Hearts of their own, though they never recognized it.

2. Train rides and sorting

I am so sorry about the confusion last chapter! I honestly didn't catch the typo concerning her middle name. It's supposed to be Titania IVY Potter, not Marie. To be fair I had trouble coming up with her first name, so that's likely the cause. Sorry about that! And yes, I am aware Xion is _Replica_, not a Nobody, but she identifies herself AS a Nobody first and prefers not to think about the truth considering resulted in her death.

* * *

><p>Tania was eager for her first trip to a magical school. Shadow was once again playing the part of a 'doll', at least until they got on the train. He didn't mind being carried around in a large bag.<p>

Petunia looked the girl over. She was dressed in casual clothes, but she had warned her that she might have to change into what the school considered an acceptable 'uniform' soon enough. Which mainly meant switching her shirt and possibly putting on the 'robe' which still made her click her tongue in disapproval.

At least Tania had adjusted it to something close to 'modern' compared to what they had given her to work with. Adding a few additions after buying them using the skills Petunia had taught her (namely the use of a sewing machine) had made the woman pleased.

Even if all she did was add a thick silver thread around the collar to tighten it, a silver chain that kept the robe relatively closed around the opening near her neck, and a thick zipper that she had to have Petunia help her add that ran down the lining that could close it to keep her warm during winter.

Though because of her inexperience, the zipper was upside down and she hadn't realized her mistake until it was too late. Considering it just made her look like she was expressing herself, rather than appearing like she was wearing a very outdated uniform, Petunia had allowed it.

At least it didn't make her stand out for more than a second or two.

"Did you pack everything?"

"Yes, auntie. I made sure everything was properly organized before we left the house," said Tania, her voice a little less toneless than it was before.

"That doll of yours is definitely a good influence on you. Did you pack your cell?"

Tania reached into her bag to pull it out. Shadow had performed some Moogles magic on it so that it would still pick up a signal, even in the most saturated of magical areas. Apparently magic had a bad habit of overwhelming regular technology.

She suspected he had found some piece of a Gummi ship and used that to bolster her new phone.

"I'll be sure to take plenty of pictures, auntie," said Tania.

Petunia's normally sour expression softened. She had always wanted to see Hogwarts, but she had a fight with Lily and her sister never thought to take photographs to show her.

"Just be careful. Most of the time what these people say and what they actually mean are two very different things, and they've put you on a pedestal ever since that night."

Petunia had been horrified, and properly so, when she discovered an entire section of books on her niece that weren't even properly labeled fiction. It was abundantly clear that they expected far more from Tania than they should reasonably expect, after they literally dumped her on Petunia's doorstep without so much as a by-your-leave.

And that left her infuriated.

How dare they. How dare they?

And to make matters worse, Petunia recently identified that nosy woman Arabella Figg as part of the conspiracy. She had always thought that senile old woman suspicious.

No one owned that many cats and still managed to support them all without a husband or job without something else going on. Obviously

she was a spy planted in her neighborhood, because she moved in a full month after Tania came to live with them.

Petunia was going to have the old woman thrown out of the neighborhood before Christmas, and have the cats removed. They were a serious nuisance and they yowled _every single night_.

"Where am I supposed to be boarding this train?"

"See that pillar between nine and ten? You walk _through_ it and get onto THEIR platform. Unfortunately it's keyed to magic, so I can't go with you."

"...Go through the pillar?"

"Apparently there's some enchantment that allows you to walk right through it. I never understood why they couldn't just use a normal train track, or why they insist on a steam engine," said Petunia.

Tania was about to move her trolley to the pillar Petunia indicated, but in an impulse move she hugged her surprised aunt.

"I'll see you on Christmas, Auntie," said Tania.

"Behave when you can. Make their lives a living nightmare if they hold the fact you were raised by _normal_ people," said Petunia ominously.

Anyone who held the fact she was "muggle-raised" and had a "muggleborn" mother against her didn't deserve to be friends with her niece. And the best defense against such people was to present a strong offense...that was how Lily managed.

"I will, auntie," said Tania, her eyes sparkling with the idea of mischief.

"Now go on. You don't want to miss the train," said Petunia.

Tania waved goodbye to her aunt...before she took a running start into the pillar and vanished.

"_That was strange, kupo!_" said Shadow. Now that they weren't around 'normal folk' as Petunia tactfully put it, he didn't have to hide. He promptly floated to sit on Tania's shoulder.

"I agree completely. Now we should probably put up my trunk so we can have a chance to read," said Tania.

She had bought a few extra potions books, including one that the shopkeeper missed (there was a "restricted" stamp on the shelf she found it on) for Shadow. She knew he was much better at potions than she could ever be, but she wanted to at least learn the basics of healing...even if that had always been Roxas' specialty.

Once they were on the train, it took her a few moments before she was able to find a compartment meant for trunks. After seeing how high up the storage shelves were, and realizing there was no way she'd be able to reach them, much less haul the trunk up that high, she went looking for someplace else to put it.

She was, after all, already in her uniform and modified robe.

That done, she found an empty compartment (Petunia had brought her very early to insure she'd get one) and sat down. Thanks to the door being open, she heard how rude the older children were and took steps to prevent being thrown out simply because they were bigger than her.

She jammed the door track in a way that it would be left open, but not enough that an older student could get in. Half an hour before departure, and most of the older students had already gotten their own compartments, she removed the nail she used to jam the door and opened it properly.

More students passed, but most chose a different compartment after seeing Shadow. Those that recognized him scowled for some reason, or sneered at Tania for owning the 'beast'. Considering he was in her lap with a book, and she had a book of her own, they paid them no mind.

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><p>It took Tania a few moments to realize that there were two people in the compartment with her.<p>

One was a rather pudgy boy awkwardly handling a toad, the other was a bushy girl with a book of her own.

"Um...hello?"

"I'm so sorry. We were so tired from trying to find a compartment that when you didn't respond we just invited ourselves in," said the bushy girl.

"That's okay. I tend to zone out while reading. My name is Tania, and this is Shadow."

"_Pleased to meet you, kupo!_"

"Ah! It's the white imp!" said the nervous boy with a toad.

"White...imp?" repeated Tania, looking at Shadow.

The boy nodded.

"There's this weird imp that when he's bought at a store will get into potions cabinets and cause mischief. They say it has a big red nose and a weird red ball that hangs off it's head. And it talks, saying 'kupo' all the time," said the boy nervously.

Shadow puffed up in annoyance.

"_Just because I can brew potions better than most pure bloods is no reason to call me an imp, kupo! They're the ones who keep yelling at me when I try to improve on their faulty potions, kupo!_" _said Shadow with a pout.

"Did you ask permission first?" asked Tania.

Shadow suddenly became embarrassed.

"_Well no, but they were always yelling at me anyway for doing things like sitting on chairs or trying to make my own food, kupo. So it was hard to tell the difference between yelling, kupo."_

"If you want to use my potions kits between classes, or improve on what we learned during the day, just ask. There's a reason I bought extras," said Tania.

"...I hate to be rude, but this has been bugging me since I saw him. Is he a...Moogle?" asked the girl carefully.

"How did you know?"

"My sister plays a lot of fantasy role playing games, and the_ Final Fantasy_ series is her absolute favorite. Though recently she got into a new series called _Kingdom Hearts_ that came out last year, and they have animals that look like your...pet," said the girl. She squinted at Tania, and said "You look almost exactly like one of the characters from that game. I think her name was 'Kairi'."

Tania and Shadow shared a look.

"So...what are your names?"

"My name is Hermione," said the girl.

"N-N-Neville," said the nervous boy. He held up his toad. "This is Trevor."

"What book are you reading?" asked Hermione, curious.

"_'Household Basics for the Everyday Witch'_. I think Shadow was reading and advanced potions book though," said Tania.

"Really? Have you practiced many spells?" asked Hermione eagerly.

Tania shook her head.

"My uncle doesn't like magic at all, and my aunt barely tolerates it. She made it clear I wasn't to use magic to get out of doing chores because it's just a small step towards becoming a lazy person, which she hates. She barely tolerates how slothful her son is," said Tania. She looked at Shadow. "She also said Shadow wasn't allowed to brew anything in the house, but she would turn a blind eye if she didn't have to smell the fumes if he did it somewhere else."

"Oh. Where did you get your robe? I didn't see anything like that at Madame Malkins," said Hermione.

"I adjusted it myself. My aunt helped with the stitching, but I didn't like how bland it was so I added a few things. Though I did get the zipper upside down by accident."

"I was never good at feminine tasks myself. I can barely cook," admitted Hermione.

"I'm better at g-g-gardening, myself," said Neville.

"I love flowers. What sort of things do you like to grow?" asked Tania.

Neville seemed to cheer up, and his stutter disappeared the longer he talked about his greenhouse. It was clear he wasn't often allowed to talk about his hobby, and having someone who appreciated it for what it was made him a little more confident. Hermione likewise found a kindred spirit, as Tania read a lot of books and knew most of the ones Hermione mentioned.

It wasn't until after the trolley came and went (Tania only got a few things, as Petunia had packed a decently sized lunch) that Neville realized that his toad was missing.

Fortunately there was a spell in the book she had been reading that she could try out.

Tania went outside the compartment, took out her new wand (she hadn't really been paying attention to what it was made of, outside of finding out that there was a shattered piece of a keyblade as it's core) and did a few practice waves before she enunciated the spell.

"_Accio Trevor the toad_," she said clearly.

Shadow had been around the magicals long enough to know that enunciating was very crucial if you want to get the spell right. Some people try a dozen times and never get a spell to work if they didn't learn to enunciate the syllables correctly. It was a common mistake with children and lazier wizards.

The escaped toad flew into her waiting (and gloved) hand.

"Who cast that? There's no spells before school!" shouted an irate and rather pompous looking red head. He had red and gold on his collar, and a rather posh looking badge.

Tania stared at him as he stomped up much like an angry dragon.

"Who gave you permission to use spells? There's no casting before classes start! Well?"

"There wasn't anything in the rulebook I bought that said we weren't allowed to cast small charms on the train. I was just getting my friend's toad back," said Tania, shrinking in on herself.

Hermione watched with anger as the red head in red and gold gave Tania the riot act, before stomping off because she was a first year and he couldn't give her detention before she was even sorted.

"That was absolutely horrible! What house was he from?" said Hermione furious. She had bought the same rule book and nowhere did it say that they couldn't cast charms on the train. It clearly stated that the train was considered "school grounds" and that any punishments made on it would count once the school year started.

By that reasoning, casting small charms wasn't against the rules at all, since there weren't any mundane people on board!

"I t-t-think that was a Gryffindor Prefect," said Neville, shrinking in on himself. Tania had only helped him get his pet back. It wasn't right that a prefect would take out a minor use of magic on her for it.

He had always heard that Gryffindors were the good wizards. Slytherins were supposed to be the mean ones.

"Well I know two houses I'm not going to join," said Hermione upset.

"What's the other?" asked Tania.

"The silver and green one, they were extremely rude to us when we tried to find a compartment earlier. I think they're called Slytherins."

"What does that leave?"

"Hufflepuff and Ravenclaw. I've heard rumors that Ravenclaw has a private library though," offered Neville.

Hermione perked up, but Tania looked pensive.

"Hufflepuff is the house of loyal and hardworking, right?"

"And Ravenclaw is for the clever and studious," said Hermione.

"I'd much rather be loyal or clever than brash or ambitious," said Tania.

They nodded in agreement.

"_Slytherins get a bad rep, though most of them take it too far. I've had a few 'owners' who were Slytherin that treated their house elves like slaves, kupo."_

"What are house elves?" asked Hermione.

"_House elves are brownie spirits that serve magical families in exchange for a small portion of their magic, kupo. When non-magical blood started to cut away the forests, their magic started to die so they made a deal with wizards, kupo. In exchange for acting as housekeepers, they were able to survive. Being given clothes is considered a high offense, but some wizards have forgotten their origin and treat them like dirt. They forget that the fair folk are more often stronger and tied to the land, kupo,"_ said Shadow.

Neville blinked. He didn't know that.

"That sounds horrible," said Hermione.

"Actually it doesn't sound too far fetched. I mean there are countless stories of people leaving out saucers of fresh cream or milk, and having their house cleaned or their minor chores done in the middle of the night. Wasn't there a story about a man who left food out and little elves made shoes for him while he slept?" said Tania.

Hermione blinked.

"I think I've heard of that one," she admitted. When she put it like that...it was hard to be too offended.

The three continued their discussion on what house they would end up in, before they realized that they were getting closer to the school. Neville left to get dressed, seeing as how Tania was technically already in her uniform and Hermione was a girl.

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><p>Tania waited patiently with the other students, but she avoided the red head on principle. He looked too much like the boy from earlier to be a coincidence, and the blond was very rude when he saw Hermione and Neville. She didn't really pay any mind to the ghosts, and while the enchantment on the sky was very interesting, it couldn't really compare to her memories of sitting on the station tower looking out at the sunset and eating sea-salt ice cream with her friends.<p>

She almost missed her name being called, but alerted to the fact they were going alphabetically she caught it in time.

"Potter, Titania!"

Tania walked up to the stool, and waited patiently for the teacher to put the dirty hat on her head.

She was so going to wash her hair after this.

**Well that's quite rude.**

Considering the amount of hair gel that last kid had...?

**...I'll concede that point. Now, where to put you, young Key Blade bearer?**

Not Slytherin or Gryffindor, Tania stated flatly.

**Yes... you're brave, but not brash, and you wouldn't fit Slytherin at all. Now, which house would you prefer? The one near the library or the one closer to the kitchens?**

I have no idea.

**Well, let's try another way. **

Flashes of her memories went through her head, until the hat suddenly shouted _"HUFFLEPUFF!"_

Tania sat next to Neville, who had also been sorted into Hufflepuff.

3. Lines drawn in the sand

Tania felt uncomfortable with the staring. She hated the fact

everyone insisted on calling her Titania, or "the girl who lived". They didn't even know the full story, just the rumors that spiraled out of control and ended up being printed.

She hated that name. There was a reason why Petunia said her name was "Tania" and not something as ostentatious as "Titania", which happened to be the name of the Faerie Queen in Shakespeare's play A Midsummer Night's Dream.

They acted like they knew everything about her, when they didn't even bother to get to know her at all. It was ridiculous!

Neville, once he got over his shock that he had been talking with Titania Potter, was one of the few who bothered to call her just "Tania".

Hermione, however, had a bit of hero worship going on.

At least until she realized how uncomfortable it made Tania. Tania hated being the center of attention, and she hated it even more when people bugged her about some scar.

She never had a scar, at least none she remembered. If there was one, it was likely Petunia had it removed years ago, or it healed over.

The worst were the Gryffindors and the Slytherins. The Gryffindors (one in particular) hated her, saying she had "let them down" because she wasn't brash like them.

She really didn't like Ron, and she felt like his older brothers were worse.

Percy, the one who yelled at her on the train for summoning Neville's toad, was a pompous and arrogant boy who was always telling people off. He took his position to mean that he had to regulate everyone who was younger than he was, even if they weren't doing anything against the rules.

Fred and George, the twins, were almost bullies with how they picked on the Slytherins. Everyone pretended to laugh, but she could see they only did it to avoid being targets. And no one enjoyed the howlers that always came the morning after from their mother, who had the voice of a banshee, in her opinion.

Ron was her biggest headache though. He took it personally that she was sorted into Hufflepuff, and was very lazy. More than that was the way he watched her...it was disturbing and she didn't like it.

Her second biggest headache was Draco Malfoy. He was a real jerk, and he seemed to think it 'amusing' she had bought the "White Imp" and was always going on about his father like it meant something.

In short, Xion hated Hogwarts, specifically the students.

She couldn't wait until Christmas.

* * *

><p>Tania found a new reason to hate this school. Without fail, every

time she left one of her 'modified' robes in the hamper to be cleaned, it would disappear and never return. She only had three left, and no matter what she did the house elves told her that the Deputy Headmistress had told them to confiscate them.<p>

Something about how it was 'against school dress code'.

Finally, after an attempt to retrieve her clothes which failed miserably, she took preemptive measures.

She told the house elves they were relieved of duty when it came to her room and bathroom. She knew perfectly well how to wash clothes, even if it awkward to do so without a washing machine.

"Tania? Why are your robes wet?" asked Neville.

Tania's eye twitched.

"Because I told the house elves they no longer had to clean my clothes."

"Why?" asked Susan, baffled.

"They've been stealing my robes and refuse to return them even when I ask politely. It's gotten so bad that I barely have any left, and I refuse to lose anymore. So I've been practicing my household charms," said Tania. She looked at her wet robe with dismay. "It's a work in progress."

"What do you mean, the house elves have been stealing your clothes?! Being given clothes by a master is the ultimate insult to them!" said Hannah, shocked.

"You know how I made a few _minor_ alterations that didn't come with the robe? The silver tassels and the zippers?" said Tania. Everyone nodded. "Well apparently Professor McGonagall didn't like them for some reason, so she told the house elves not to return my clothes. I tried to ask her for them back, but she said they were against school regulations even though they cover everything they're supposed to cover and are still the standard black."

"That's not right! They were a few harmless decorations! I mean they are Slytherin colors, but that's no reason to confiscate your robes!" said Susan shocked.

Aside from giving her a brief second look, none of the prefects told her to remove the robes. They were still the required black, and they weren't revealing. Yes the muggle zipper was a bit odd, but it was perfectly harmless.

She had even asked Professor Sprout, who was the head of Hufflepuff if they were alright, and she had given the okay. Though she had mostly gone to see her to make sure it was fine for her to keep Shadow in her room.

Considering he was clearly a magical pet, and she lived in a Muggle neighborhood, Sprout had agreed only if he didn't cause trouble.

"That's not right, taking your clothes like that," said Hannah. She

looked at Susan, who nodded. They grabbed Tania's hand and dragged her to find Professor Sprout.

In the greenhouses...

Sprout looked up to see two of her Hufflepuffs leading a third. It was Tania Potter.

"What seems to be the problem girls?"

She noted that Tania's clothes seemed drenched, yet the other girls were dry.

"Did Peeves hit Ms. Potter with one of his water pranks?"

Susan Bones shook her head.

"Tania said she's had clothes going missing, and that Professor McGonagall ordered all her modified robes to be confiscated by the house elves. She said they were against school regulations."

The house elves couldn't break into her trunk, but they could steal them when she left them out to be cleaned.

Sprout's eyes narrowed.

"The ones she added those muggle 'zippers' to?" asked Sprout to clarify. Tania nodded. "Have you talked to Minerva about this?"

"She said I wasn't going to get them back, because they went against the school dress code even though I checked with you first before I wore them to class. It's gotten so bad I told the elves not to bother picking up my laundry and I've been practicing the house hold charms I found... unfortunately I'm not very good at drying."

Any thought of this being a minor misunderstanding went out the window at that. Forcing a mere first year to learn household charms just to avoid losing their clothes was ridiculous.

"I'll have a word with Minerva about this. Rest assured I will get to the bottom of why she's having the elves take the robes without notifying me of the issue," promised Sprout.

A few hours later, most of the school was treated to the sight of Professor Sprout having a very loud row with Professor McGonagall about her confiscation of the robes through the house elves. It wasn't the fact that Tania had felt forced to resort to cleaning them herself with charms that had the Hufflepuffs close ranks against the Gryffindors...it was the fact that McGonagall interfered with a minor issue that Tania had already cleared with her head of house prior to classes starting.

Tania was a Hufflepuff, not a Gryffindor. If she had an issue with the modifications she should have pulled her aside and said so, and at least listened to Tania's side of the story.

Needless to say Snape was rather amused by the whole turn of events, even if it was because of "the Potter brat". Seeing McGonagall get chewed out by the normally jovial and warm Sprout was something he definitely enjoyed.

In the end Sprout had to pull rank on McGonagall to get the robes returned...the ones that weren't lost anyway. As Tania's head of house, she was able to clear up the matter...though Tania kept practicing her cleaning charms until she was able to do her laundry without the elves.

She never did find out what exactly McGonagall had against her modifications.

* * *

><p>"So we're supposed to fly using sticks?" said Tania, looking at the brooms with open distaste.<p>

"..."

"They're brooms! Of course we're supposed to fly with them!" said Susan.

After the incident with her robes, Tania had become close to the duo of Abbot and Bones. Though they didn't quite take to Hermione as quickly, but having Tania there to buffer the girl made it easier.

Tania poked her 'broom' with her boot.

"It's just... I can see the cracks on this thing from here, and the bristles at the end look one good fireball away from becoming charcoal. I don't think these things are very safe to fly with."

"Oh hush Tanny," said Hannah. Where she came up with that silly nickname, Tania would never know. "They've been used for years and haven't broken yet."

"My aunt replaces her brooms every six years, and these look like they should have been replaced decades ago," said Tania flatly. Then she noticed Neville was more nervous than normal. She put a hand on his shoulder.

"It's okay to be afraid of heights. Some people aren't meant to fly," she said gently.

Neville looked at her, and nodded. He trusted Tania, because she didn't tease him like some of the other kids their age. She had Shadow calmly explain the differences in potions and how to prevent blowing them up. It was only because of the odd creature he was even passing that class.

Though apparently his annoyance upon hearing how this "Snape" character taught the class was getting to him. He said he might end up sneaking into class to see how bad it was, because from the sound of it Snape didn't bother to even teach reaction tables.

Which, according to Shadow, was just asking for trouble.

Right now though, Tania just wanted to get this particular lesson over with.

The more she learned of the magical world, the more she couldn't wait

for the seven years to be over with so she could leave. If only she still had her coat! Then she could leave this world and go someplace a little more sane and less irritating.

Like Castle Oblivion. Or the Castle That Never Was.

Tania felt nothing but irritation as she sat on the broom. It felt ridiculous, but then again she had flown in Neverland without the aid of a stick. Then it hit her how she could help Neville and Hermione, who were on either side of her.

"Hermione, have you ever read Peter Pan?"

"You mean the boy who could fly using pixie dust?" asked Hermione. Tania nodded.

"Remember _how_ he was able to fly?"

"He needed belief," said Hermione.

"Well pretend you've been hit with Tinkerbell's dust and believe that you can fly. Don't overthink about it."

Hermione seemed to take that advice to heart. Her hands were a little more sure on her broom. Neville seemed to consider her suggestion, and tried to not think about the flying.

Tania was one of the few 'naturals', but her distaste in using brooms was clear. Still, she was given the option of joining the reserve team for Hufflepuff. She wouldn't be allowed to own a broom, but she would be allowed to fly one with supervision during team practice.

It was more than the other first years were allowed, and it made some of them insanely jealous.

In the case of Ron, he started to target her more than normal.

In the case of Draco, who had been told flat out that he wasn't allowed to join the team (even as a reserve) until next year when an opening would be available, it drove him to challenge Tania to a wizard's duel.

Unfortunately for Draco, Susan happened to be right around the corner when he made his declaration. And she told Sprout.

* * *

><p>Tania...no, this was Xion, lay in bed looking up at her canopy.<p>

It had been two months, and she would honestly rather being back in Little Whinging.

At least there she didn't feel like a lab rat that people were trying to force into a mold.

"_It's a shame you can't have one of the Dusks to bring you one of your spares, kupo."_

"I don't know if they'll even listen to me anymore," said Xion.

Shadow sat up and said _"Have you tried calling them, kupo?"_

Xion blinked. To be fair she hadn't even thought of trying.

Perhaps she _was_ becoming lazy.

She closed her eyes, focused her magic...and called.

Imagine her shock when she opened her eyes again and saw the familiar sight of the Dusks, chattering away like they always did.

"You... you came?" she said in quiet shock.

The Dusks tilted what passed for their heads, before giving her what she could only assume was a Look that said _"You called us, didn't you?"_

Xion smiled. Even after she grew a Heart, she was still a Nobody like them.

"Could you retrieve one of my spare coats from the castle? I'd like to see the rest of you properly and these just don't have the same enhancements," she asked.

The Dusks disappeared, and fifteen minutes later came back slightly charred...but carrying a familiar coat.

It could almost pass for one of her robes, but there was a distinct feel that Xion recognized.

Once she swapped out her robe for the coat, she felt _normal_ again.

"So what happened to you?" asked Xion.

The chattered to her, and to anyone else it would have sounded like nonsense but to her it made perfect sense.

"_Maleficent_ took our castle?!"

Xion fumed. She had half a mind to go back to the Castle and give that stupid dragon a piece of her mind. Then an idea formed.

She could wait until Christmas, then head back to the Castle and offer the evil witch an agreement. Odds were Maleficent didn't even _use_ most of the castle, and the section that she was planning to use was mostly bedrooms that faced the 'moon' which was actually Kingdom Hearts. The bulk of the castle wasn't even part of the apartments, as they were connected by a hallway.

If she remembered Maleficent right, she likely didn't even _bother_ with that section and kept to the main castle.

If she was lucky, the witch might be willing to tolerate a few tenants provided they agreed never to see each other. Or to acknowledge that the other part of the castle existed.

For now, she was just glad to have her own clothes back.

Xion went with the Dusks to see the other 'lesser' Nobodies, who were somewhat happy to see her again. At least it meant they had something to do other than float around and hope a Greater Nobody was formed.

At least now she could get away from the castle full of idiots and actually enjoy something she had missed for so long. Which was why the second thing she did after getting her coat back...was to buy some sea-salt ice cream and bring it back with her. She was sure Shadow would enjoy some as well.

4. Potions partners and Bludgers

****Today's my birthday! If I get more than 28 reviews on this chapter, I'll update a second time as a present to you all! Happy 28th to me! XD****

* * *

><p>Tania was very confused when the headmaster made the announcement that they were given a day off from classes for a full inspection of the castle.<p>

Then it hit her as to the reason.

The wards around the school had sensed her summon the Dusks, and had alerted the headmaster. She didn't think he knew what they were (even Hermione thought Heartless were nothing more than monsters from a game), but he knew enough to be wary of having them near the castle.

So she sent Shadow to listen in to the teachers as to what they thought the Dusks were.

Shadow came back rather shaken.

"_They think Dusks are Dementors, kupo!"_

"Dementors?"

"_Dementors are foul beasts that are like the lesser Nobodies or Heartless, except when they 'kill' you, you don't become another Heartless or Nobody. Instead they destroy both Heart and Soul, leaving only the body behind. There's no way to recover without the soul," _said Shadow.

Xion was horrified, and rightly so. She had always thought of Heartless as monsters...but these dementors sounded much, much worse.

"_And if that wasn't enough, these English use the Dementors as guards for their magical prison. Prisoners are tormented day and night by their worst memories as dementors naturally try to suck out their souls, starting with the good memories first, kupo."_

"That's absolutely horrible!" said Tania, disgusted at the very idea of subjecting anyone to that.

Shadow was so shaken that Tania held him the entire day. He couldn't even _float_ like he normally did. Still, she had learned something important.

They had only detected the Dusks. They didn't know she could leave the castle and go to other worlds whenever she wanted.

* * *

><p>Tania was almost...eager...for potions today. The reason was simple.<p>

She had snuck Shadow into her class. He had been bored out of his mind for weeks, and his patience was at it's utmost limit.

He couldn't exactly experiment with some of the potions in the book he was almost obsessed with, he had been unable to brew anything in Tania's room because it was so cramped and the fumes nearly overwhelmed him (something about the cauldron made it hard to disperse the smell in a small space), and he had read through all the potion book she had bought him.

So yes, he was getting very stir crazy.

Neville spared a glance at her bag, before he saw something red and his eyes widened.

"Are you insane?" he hissed at her.

"The worst he can do is give me detention, and Shadow has been itching to have a good argument with a potion master for _years_ now. At the very least we'll get a good show."

A good show was one way to put it. Snape was almost guaranteed to _explode_ once he found out Tania had brought her pet with her!

It didn't take long. The second Snape saw the red pom pom and the even bigger red nose, _he_ saw red.

The entire class waited with baited breath as Shadow started asking questions a mile a minute about potions. Things only those that bothered to stick around for their N.E.W.T.s would ask, let alone know.

It was hard to say which was more shocking. The fact Snape was actually _answering_ him, or the fact that he hadn't deducted any points yet.

Seeing the children not at work, he barked at them before continuing his argument Shadow. Tania hid a grin.

"Potter! Stay after class!" barked Snape.

An hour later...

Snape glared at Tania, who fought to keep from shrinking into herself.

"Am I to understand the white imp is your pet, Potter?"

"He's a Moogleg, sir. He's more experienced with potions than I am and he's been going stir crazy without a chance to experiment properly," said Tania.

Snape's glare lowered a fraction. Then he looked at the cloaked imp...moogleg.

"Moogleg! Am I to understand you know the basics of brewing potions?"

"_Basics? Give me some credit, kupo! I kept getting returned for trying to _improve_ on your potions, kupo! Those idiots were always so touchy about me experimenting with their potions cabinets,"_ said Shadow offended.

Something seemed to pass between Snape and Shadow.

"His name is Shadow, sir," said Tania helpfully.

"Very well. Shadow, if you can prove you know what you're doing you may join me after classes and during my own experiments. If not, then you'll have to sit with the other students at the same level you're at. Deal?"

"_You got it, kupo! I've been going crazy without a chance to tweak what you call potions, kupo!"_

"And Potter? If you try anything like this again I'll string you by your lower intestines from the Astronomy tower. Are we clear?" said Snape.

"Yes sir," said Tania.

After she exited the room, she found herself surrounded by Susan and the others.

"Well?"

"Shadow's allowed to stay, but he has to prove he knows what he's doing or else he'll have to join a class that's at the same level he is. Oh, and Professor Snapethreatened to hang me by my lower intestines if I did something like this again."

Everyone stared.

"How did you get away without a detention? He was shouting the entire class!" said Hannah in awe.

"I think he was happy to have someone who was willing to not only brew potions, but actually_ wants_ to tweak them and make them better," said Tania. "It's pretty obvious he hates having to teach lazy children how to brew potions, only to see them mangle them time and time again, and it doesn't help that people have an unfair bias against Slytherins for no apparent reason."

"But most Slytherins are mean!" said Neville as they walked as far away from the dungeon as possible.

"Yes, but from what I seen almost everyone automatically assumed

Slytherins are up to no good, and treat them accordingly.
Especially the Gryffindors, particularly the Weasley family. Just because they were sorted into the house of the cunning and ambitious doesn't make them automatically evil. What if they want to become healers that treat children? What if they want to make chocolate or develop a shield that protects aurors? Yet everyone just thinks that all Slytherins are bullies, but what if they became that way because of how people treated them?" said Tania flatly.

Susan, Hannah and Neville blinked. They hadn't thought about it like that.

"It's just...most of You-Know-Who's followers were from Slytherin. Especially the inner circle."

"Can you prove that? What if he had some Gryffindor or Hufflepuff followers? I find the idea of treating someone differently because of the house they were sorted is just ridiculous and silly," said Tania.

"Well said, Ms. Potter! Ten points to Hufflepuff!" said Professor Flitwick who heard the entire thing. "It's hard to promote inter-house unity when the students treat each other differently based on their house."

"I agree," said Professor Sprout. "And since we are the house of loyalty and hard work, I propose a challenge. The house that can show the most school unity and make friends with different houses and years will be given fifty points. Second place will get forty and third will get twenty."

"Seriously? Fifty points just for being _nice_?" said Ron Weasley, food half eaten clearly visible. Anyone with any sense of table manners or proper etiquette moved just a bit away from him.

Tania among them, as she recoiled in disgust. He didn't have the worst manners. It was blatantly obvious he completely lacked any, save for the knowledge that it was easier to eat with a fork, knife and spoon.

* * *

><p>Tania hid a grin when the next week she saw the most amusing sight of Snape and Shadow arguing over breakfast about a potion. Shadow had been bored out of his mind, but it seemed like he was back to his old self. Sure he spent most of his time while she was in class playing with potions or reading some of Snape's books or notes, but at night he would curl up to her because she was something familiar. Well that and she slept better using him as a teddy bear.<p>

But the icing on the cake was eight days after she brought Shadow with her to potions, he handed her something familiar.

"How did you make an elixir?"

"_They_ had most of the ingredients, kupo. Only had to tweak or substitute the missing ones, kupo. Should have seen Severus' face when I showed him _our_ potions, kupo."_

Tania stared.

"Professor Snape lets you call him by his first name?"

"_He was really in need of someone to argue with that wasn't a
_'complete dunderhead' _and actually knew what they were doing, kupo.
They fact I knew a few tricks he didn't only made it better,
kupo."_

"Well I'm glad to know that at least I won't have to worry about
where to get real potions," said Tania.

"_You supply the ingredients, and I'll make them whenever you need,
kupo!_"_

Somehow she had the feeling her vaults were going to get a very hefty
work-out during the summer...

* * *

><p>"So why are we going to the stadium when we have
homework?"<p>

"Quidditch!" said Susan, as if she was talking to a child.

"Today's the first match of the season. Gryffindor against
Slytherin," said Hannah, equally eager.

"Who are you cheering?" asked Tania.

"Gryffindor of course," said Susan and Hannah.

"...Would you be offended if I sat next to Daphne and Tracy? I'm not
exactly a big fan of Gryffindor," asked Tania.

Susan blinked, before she remembered how much Ron harassed her and
how Percy also seemed to find new ways to try and deduct points
because she wasn't wearing the 'traditional' robe like everyone else.
And that wasn't getting into how many times she was caught up in one
of the twin's pranks.

It had only gotten worse when Tania chose to sit with some of the
other Slytherin first years rather than go near the Gryffindor
ones...or the fact she had hexed Ron one day after she caught him
insulting Hermione to the point of tears.

In short, most her hostility for Gryffindor steamed from two separate
sources.

Professor McGonagall, who still had it out for Tania because she wore
altered robes and wasn't sorted into Gryffindor like everyone
expected, and the Weasleys, who all had their own strange grudge
against her for reasons she couldn't begin to understand.

It was like they took it personally that she wasn't a Gryffindor, and
openly associated with the Slytherin house rather than buddy up to
them. And she couldn't figure out why.

"Have fun and try not to get eaten," joked Hannah.

Tania nodded, and made her way to the Slytherin side of the stands.

"Hey Tani! We saved you a seat!" shouted Tracy.

"We also saved one for Shadow," said Blaize.

Upon finding out that the odd "White Imp" that was often arguing about potions and calling their head of house by his first name belonged to her, the Slytherin house had sent discreet 'envoys' to see if they could form a truce with the Girl Who Lived.

As a result, she was now welcomed to sit with Daphne, Blaize, and Tracy. Once they found out she didn't particularly like Gryffindor and was indifferent at best towards Slytherin, they had become more or less civil to her and anyone she considered a friend.

It didn't hurt that Hermione was openly interested about learning pure blood customs, if only to shut Malfoy up about them.

Tania sat between Daphne and Tracy, while Shadow sat on her lap. They cheered loudly for Slytherin, and even though they were openly cheating, Tania could care less. It was fun to watch.

So it was only natural it took her a few seconds to realize something was wrong with one of the bludgers.

Daphne yelped when she realized, no, that bludger wasn't going to avert itself from the stand.

Several students dove out of the way and Tania nearly got hit twice.

Finally she had enough when it nearly hit Shadow. She drew her wand, and pointed it straight up to where the bludger was about to make another attack at the stands, which were barely staying up.

"**FIRA!**"

A massive fire that vastly overwhelmed any simple fire charm erupted from her wand, yet it didn't heat up in her hand. The bludger didn't stand a chance.

It melted and evaporated before it even touched a very incensed Tania.

All the Slytherins nearby stared at her with disbelief and no little trepidation.

Finally, Blaize spoke.

"Remind me never to piss you off during that time of the month," he said dryly.

Shadow couldn't help but quip "That was nothing, kupo. You should see her when she isn't using a cheap wand, kupo."

He had seen more impressive flame spells, and this was nothing compared to what would have happened had she used her

keyblade.

Blaize looked at the wisps of smoke that was once a bludger, then considering a stronger version and shuddered. And here he thought his black widow mother was bad during that time of the month.

* * *

><p>Later...

"Wait...you're telling me someone deliberately cursed that stupid thing to attack us?!" said Tracy furious.

"I think they were aiming at Tania. Maybe a 'former' Death Eater saw where she was and decided to take advantage of it," said Daphne, making air quotes.

Susan, who heard the comment, snorted.

"I bet some of the inner circle are going to be pissed when they find out some idiot tried to kill her while she was in the middle of the Slytherin stands next to some of their heirs."

Draco had been a scant arm's reach from the initial blast, and had gotten a good scrape for it. He was whining about it to Snape, who was already livid that someone had attacked his snakes.

Odds were Lucius Malfoy would be demanding an inquiry the moment he heard about the incident.

Spotting Hagrid, Tania discreetly ducked behind Blaize.

It wasn't that she was afraid of him, but it felt incredibly awkward the way he kept inviting her to tea. She barely knew him, and he had the strangest penchant for pets that most people avoided.

She wasn't going to go to his hut without plenty of reinforcements including at least one teacher.

"What is it with you and Hagrid?" asked Susan.

"He keeps inviting me to tea, and despite how 'nice' I've heard he is, I've also heard he invites...Gryffindors...frequently. And frankly I'd like to lessen the chance of running into any of them, especially if their name is Weasley," said Tania.

"Say no more. Avoiding a Weasley, especially since the current lot seems to have developed an unfounded grudge against you is perfectly acceptable," said Daphne.

It was pretty obvious that the Weasleys had it out for Tania, and from all appearances it was completely unwarranted. They just disliked her for reasons of their own.

What was surprising was that the stuck-up Percy went after her so much. He was such a rule stickler that it was hard to believe he'd risk his badge to harass her.

"I'd consider owling their mother to get them to stop, but I don't think it would do any good," admitted Tania tiredly.

"They've learned to tune her out. You'd probably have better luck asking their head of the family to get them to stop," said Blaize.

"Who's the head of their family?"

"The head of the Weasley family is Arthur, the patriarch. He works at the Misuse of Muggle Artifacts office," said Tracy.

"But until then, if they bother you one more time...then perhaps we should mobilize the entire house against them until they get the message," said Hannah.

Tania winced.

"Won't that get her in trouble though?" asked Hermione, who had run up to join them.

"Not at all. If you attack one Hufflepuff, you attack us all. Besides the only reason we haven't done anything before now is because Tania seems to roll with the punches," said Susan cheerfully. The Weasleys didn't know what they were messing with.

"Besides, we have the perfect weapon against them!" said Hannah grinning.

"What?" asked Daphne, interested.

"Tonks!"

"You're right! I'm sure she'd get a good laugh teaching some stupid boys a good lesson in how to treat a girl, especially one as nice as Tania is!" said Susan.

"Who or what is Tonks?" asked Hermione.

"She's a seventh year that's planning to stick around an extra year to get a leg up on her Auror's exam. She's also a metamorph, so it's nearly impossible to pin anything on her," said Susan with glee.

"Wait...a metamorph? She wouldn't happen to be a Black would she?" asked Blaize intently.

"Her mother was, but she got kicked out for marrying a muggleborn," said Susan.

"Which technically makes her Tania's cousin once removed," said Hannah helpfully. She made a face. "Draco is actually a closer relative though."

Tania made a face herself.

"Look at the bright side. If worst came to worse, you could always sick your cousin Narcissa Malfoy nee Black on the Weasleys. I heard she's not exactly a fan of their mother Molly," said Daphne.

"That's a bit harsh, isn't it?" said Hermione.

"Not at all. They've been harassing her for weeks for no reason at all, and the only reason Hufflepuff hasn't annihilated them school-wise is because Tania seemed to be ignoring it," said Susan.

"Besides, it's about time someone taught those stupid twins a lesson!" said Hannah with fervor.

"_Sounds exciting, kupo,"_ said Shadow from where he was being held by Tania.

"I blame boredom," deadpanned Tania.

"That too," said Hannah without any shame at all.

5. The Halloween feast and the Heartless

****As promised, once the reviews hit 28 I have posted the update! Be on alert for other updates as my birthday present to you all!****

* * *

><p>"Oh-ho. So this is the ickle firstie that had Sprout up in arms with the old cat. So what can your big bad cousin do for you?" asked Nymphadora (say my first name and DIE) Tonks.<p>

"The Weasleys have been targeting her for no reason since school started, and we're bored," said Hannah without any shame.

Tonks blinked.

"Targeting...how?"

"Ron insults her during any paired classes, Percy finds new and inventive ways to try and deduct points, and the twins seemed to be trying to get her caught up in some of their mass pranks," said Susan.

"Wait... brown-noser Percy is pulling a _Snape_" said Tonks in disbelief.

"Professor Snape likes me because I at least listen and speak to him with respect...and because he thinks if he's nice to me then Shadow might share some secrets of the Moogles with him to make his potions better," said Tania.

Actually the unofficial reason was because she reminded him of Lily, her 'mother'. She had been good at potions as well, and she didn't really discriminate against Slytherin until after their fight and the war had really hit home.

"So what do you need me for?" asked Tonks.

"Well...we thought you might want to get in on the first attack against those stupid boys for harassing Tania," said Hannah.

"And because it would be harder to pin anything on me since I can turn into others."

"How does that work anyway?" asked Tania, curious.

Tonks grinned mischievously, before she turned into a replica of Tania. It almost seemed like she melted into her.

Tania blinked.

"How do you do that?"

"I just do, I guess. I had the hardest time when I first started out, but now it's like second nature."

Tania considered something, before she squinted her eyes...and unseen by her, they turned a shade of blue instead of the usual green.

Tonks looked at her with laser intensity.

"Do that again. Try your hair this time."

Tania blinked, but thought about Naminã for some reason. Her hair slowly but surely 'melted' into a white color.

Hearing the surprised gasp of Susan and Hannah, she lost her concentration and it went back to black with tints of red.

Tonks grinned.

"Looks like I have someone to show the ropes to. This should be fun. Alright, I'll help you prank those stupid red heads. I've been meaning to get Fred and George anyway after the last time they accidentally got me with one of their pranks."

"What happened?" asked Susan.

"Let's just say they picked the worst time of the month to hit me with itching powder...it went all down my robes and everything," shuddered Tonks. The girls winced in sympathy.

"So...down with the men and let the strong women rule?" said Hannah a little too eagerly. Every girl there had a somewhat sinister look...including Tania.

Every male in the castle felt a shiver of doom go down their spine.

* * *

><p>Tania was in the library again when she stumbled across something. It was a book, but more importantly was the symbol on the book.

It was Kingdom Hearts, with the symbol of the Keyblade under it.

Tania pulled the book off the shelf...and Xion took her place.

Protectors of the Heart.

Xion checked to see if it was a Hogwarts book. It wasn't. She hid it under her other books and waited until she was safely in her room before she cracked the cover open.

The first thing she saw was Kingdom Hearts, followed by a picture of what could only be a Keyblade.

Xion read the entire book...and came to the realization someone had deliberately put it someplace only a Keyblade Bearer could find it.

But it was the chapter on the Princess of the Heart that stuck to her.

Her hand reached up to her chest, where she knew her heart was. She could feel it beat under her hand. It was a reminder that while she had been born a Replica, she had a Heart.

The book said that the Princesses of the Heart were the Guardians of Light, and that the Keyblade Bearers were the Knights who dispelled the Darkness and kept the Princesses safe. The Princesses were keys to Kingdom Hearts, and to the door that kept all the Darkness locked up.

She was the Replica of Sora, a Knight of the Keyblade. Meant solely to insure Sora never woke up by taking power from Roxas, his Nobody.

She wasn't supposed to exist, and yet she did. Not only that, she wielded a Keyblade and yet the Nobodies listened to her.

So what did that make her? Was she a knight, or was she something else? It was extremely confusing.

* * *

><p>Elsewhere...

"You just had to leave that book where that particular Nobody would find it, didn't you Merlin?" said Yen Sid.

"I don't know what you mean, Yen Sid," said Merlin, sipping his tea.

"You know perfectly well what I mean. That girl is an anomaly of the highest order, and that's not considering the fact she somehow ended up in an infant that should have died," complained Yen Sid.

She was a Replica. She was a Keyblade Bearer. She was a Nobody.

And she had died at the hands of another Keyblade bearer for the greater good of all.

And now number fourteen, Xion, was alive again. The infant she possessed had been murdered with a spell that destroyed Heart and Soul, and yet here a dead Nobody was walking around in the body. By this point the only term that could be used was that she had somehow accidentally resurrected it, except the soul and new Heart that took it's place was too naturally seamed together.

And there was no way an 'accidental' resurrection would cause that.

Merlin chuckled.

"You are wise, old friend, but you do not see. The girl is one of the Princesses, but at the same time she's not like them. She doesn't guard against the Heartless. She's there to serve as hope for the Nobodies."

Yen Sid glared at him.

"You knew about this beforehand. Before she even showed up at your precious school."

Merlin chuckled.

"My dear friend, I've seen what she becomes! Or have you forgotten that I time travel for vacation? Her emergence marked a significant change in future events! She serves as a catalyst for that world, one that could save it from the Darkness festering in it's core!"

Yen Sid stared.

"I thought you had ordered the Keyhole sealed once the school was formed?"

"Darkness takes many forms. And it seems to have latched onto one unfortunate lad and bred even more of it. Left unchecked the world would be lost and the Darkness would have a proper foothold that doesn't rely on the heartless."

Yen Sid looked at the reborn Xion, and then at the world. It did seem unusually Dark.

"I take it you intend to help her then?"

"I will soon enough. She still has to create a place of safety for herself, where she doesn't have to hide what she is. I want see how she handles that old dragon."

Xion felt safe...to an extent... in the Castle That Never Was. The same castle Maleficent had taken over.

Depending on how she dealt with the dragon, Merlin might 'accidentally' allow her to stumble across some old friends.

The idea of Greater Good was fine for some, but in this case they could use all the Keyblade Bearers they could get, and some of them had been lost unfairly in the name of the Greater Good.

Besides, it would give Xion a reason to favor his version of "Good" rather than the misguided views of the old fool who took over his castle.

"I hope you know what you're doing, Merlin. This could turn out badly for all," said Yen Sid.

"It couldn't possibly be worse than what I saw if she hadn't been reborn. I've seen the fate of that world, and it was barely hanging

on against the darkness to begin with," said Merlin firmly.

* * *

><p>Tania wasn't really as excited about Halloween like the other students were. However there was one thing she had to do before the feast.<p>

"Hermione Granger, come out of that stall this instant!" said Tania pouting.

"But... but..."

"No buts! I don't know what that cad of a lion said to you, but you should know that boy is a complete idiot. His words have no meaning, and he's not to be trusted."

"He said I was a know-it-all with no friends! Just because I corrected him on his pronunciation!" bawled Hermione.

"Am I not your friend?" said Tania, tapping her boots.

Slowly, the door swung open to reveal a red-eyed Hermione. She had tear tracks down her face.

Tania found herself with an armful of crying witch.

"There, there. You're sitting with us for the feast. And then you can help us come up with a proper response to the insult."

"Us?"

"Susan and Hannah got Tonks to agree to help us get those stupid boys back. And I've had it up to here with Ron's insults and snide comments. It's about time us girls taught those boys a lesson," said Tania, patting her head.

Hermione took a tissue and wiped her face with it...but what became revealed was a picture determination.

She was going to get even with that red haired jerk if it got her expelled.

* * *

><p>Two hours later...

"Troll! Troll in the dungeon!"

"What's a troll?" asked Tania to Susan who was unusually pale.

"Trolls are creatures with limited intelligence. How did one get in? The wards are supposed to keep wild ones out!" said Susan horrified.

When Dumbledore told them all to return to their houses, Tania stood up horrified.

"What about the Slytherins? Their house is in the dungeons!" she

called out above the din.

Everyone paused, shocked she would dare contradict Dumbledore so openly like that.

Finally, Snape spoke.

"Ms. Potter is correct. Sending my Slytherins to their house might put them in the same vicinity as this troll. Perhaps we should have thje students remain with some of the teachers instead. It lessens the risk of any of them splitting off and getting found by the troll," said Snape calmly.

The ones left behind to guard four houses of children and teenagers were Professor Vector (Arithimancy), Professor Sinestra (Astrology) and Professor McGonagall.

For some reason, Tania really, really didn't like having McGonagall left behind, no matter what her skill level.

Most of of the food was cleared away, much to the vocal displeasure of Ronald Weasley.

But it was the looks McGonagall not so discreetly kept shooting at Tania that made her the most nervous.

Everyone was chattering away nervously...when they heard the distinct sound of thuds. The closer they got, the quieter the children became. Until everyone heard the loud sound of massive feet walking to the doors.

BANG. BANG. BANG. BANG.

Each hit upon the door made most of the students scream louder. Then the worst happened.

The door broke apart, the bar holding it closed shattering into thick splinters that thankfully didn't hit anyone.

Most of the students tried to bolt towards the back, but the second Tania saw what was waiting for them in the entrance of the Great Hall, she sprang into action.

This was no troll.

Out of pure instinct, she threw her wand up, and it spun twice before changing into a form familiar to her.

A keyblade, but not one she recognized.

It was almost a night black, with a luminescent sheen that seemed to have a kaleidoscope of colors. The colors seemed to shift with every angle, every change of the light, and the flickering light of the candles didn't help. Instead of the usual "Mickey Mouse" head, it had the shape of a heart with wings at the end of the chain.

Xion burst into action, using Flowmotion to get ahead of any of the reaching hands of her friends. Or the teachers for that matter.

The giant Heartless roared, it's massive blade swinging down to

strike her dead. Xion moved like water, avoiding the blade entirely as she threw up her hand and said clearly `_"THUNDER!"`

`>`

Lightning sprang from her hand, slamming into the heartless and driving it back out of the hall.

It seemed to be annoyed by lightning, so she switched tactics with ease.

She aimed her keyblade at the Heartless and tried a different element.

`_"FIRAGA!"_`

The stream of flame was more massive than any blast from a dragon's mouth. It weakened the heartless greatly, and she realized it really didn't like fire.

In between her fire spells, the health bar on the Heartless went down significantly, until it was weak enough to be taken out with a single strike.

She jumped up high, using the walls like a launching platform, and sliced downward with her keyblade. The Heartless disappeared with the familiar specks of light and massive heart. To be returned to Kingdom Hearts.

Hearing the din behind her, Xion was almost afraid of how she was supposed to explain this to the others, much less the teachers.

That was when she saw it.

A strange orb of light floated down from the ceiling...and the enchantment to show the night sky flickered briefly. Long enough for her to get a good look at what was actually `_up_` there.

Above was a cheerful old man she recognized from her memories.

Merlin.

He was watching the entire thing.

She was inside the Great Hall when the orb fell to the ground, and there was flash of light. When she could see again, she found the others talking in nervous whispers about how close the "troll" came to breaking down the Great Hall doors, and how lucky it was that Professor Snape had come in time to drive it off.

No one said a word about her charging at the creature. Not a single mention of her wand turning into a key-shaped blade. Nothing about how she had cast magic without a wand, or how it disappeared.

When she returned to her room, absolutely confused, she found an excited Shadow waiting for her.

"What happened?" she asked.

"_Merlin showed up, kupo! He said that since you took out that Heartless before it could cause any mischief, you deserve a reward, kupo!"_

Xion stared. On her bed was a new bag, filled with some books and a note.

'To the Princess of Nobodies,'

_ You have no idea how pleased I am that you were willing to defend the children so readily. I know your 'headmaster' goes on and on about redemption, but they don't have the first wit about the word means. Not like you do._

_If you are willing, I'd be happy to teach you real magic rather than the paltry spells used by the _children_ of that world if you agree to continue defending it. I'm afraid Darkness has taken root on that world and any keyblade bearers born to it are quick to leave, rather than try to deal with it._

I will contact you properly once you've found a way to deal with that ornery dragon that has taken over your castle.

Merlin

P.S., I've also cleaned up the mess that Heartless made at the feast. No sense in warning the one who acts as the Darkness' pawn to be alerted this early.'

Well. That certainly explained a lot.

"...Princess of Nobodies?" repeated Xion.

Well, that was one way to put it, she supposed. And it meant that Merlin saw her as a real person, not just a replica of Sora. That cheered her up considerably.

"_So what happened at the feast, kupo?"_

"A giant Heartless broke in and tried to cause trouble," said Xion.

"_WHAT?!"_

6. Musical hobbies and gathering allies

As the Night Owl said to the Evil Morning person... "Holy Crap, my night vision is amazing!"

"...Go to bed you idiot. That's the dawn," - Evil Morning person.

* * *

><p>"Wow... Professor McGonagall was really harsh today again, wasn't she?" said Susan.<p>

"I think she has it out for me because I was sorted into Hufflepuff,

and I've accidentally sparked a revolution of alterations to the school robe," said Tania tiredly.

After the incident at the beginning of school, where McGonagall was forced to back down to _Sprout_, the girls had started an underground revolution to see how far they could push the Transfiguration teacher.

So far ribbons in house colors, small patches that only needed a little application of heat, embroideries, even additions such as intricate linings were added.

When asked about the 'rules' by Tania, she kept it simple. It had to cover everything the robes were _supposed_ to cover (Scotland _was_ cold after all), it couldn't be offensive or racist, and above all the main color had to stay black. Aside from that, anything went.

One would think that the Gryffindors would push the boundaries the most, but the reality couldn't be more different.

They were the most _subdued_.

It didn't take a genius to understand why. McGonagall was the head of Gryffindor, and she took the alterations to the simple and boring black robes as an offense to her sensibilities. The other female teachers didn't seem to mind, so long as the robes didn't become too racy or get in the way of classwork.

In fact, Flitwick the Charms teacher was encouraging them to think of new ways to alter the robes while staying true to the traditional black.

It was encouraging his female students to think about how to use their magic to make their alterations even more dazzling. And it meant that they were learning useful household spells, since they had to learn how to use laundry spells Tania had long since mastered after the incident, in order to make them stick.

It was doing something that the teachers wouldn't have thought possible.

The simple act of being allowed to modify their robes to express themselves had given them an outlet...and school unity was at an all time high for the first time in decades.

It was hard to hate someone from a rival house when they were helping you add little changes to your robes. Especially since it gave the female students a chance to gossip with new sources they otherwise wouldn't.

"Wonder why she hates you? I mean aside from that issue with the robes and not being a Gryffindor, you've pretty much stayed under the radar. Which is surprising come to think of it," said Susan.

For someone as famous as Titania Potter was surprisingly able to slip under the radar while at the same time maintaining the ability to make friends with practically _everyone_. About the only house she had no friends in was Gryffindor, but to be fair, they weren't exactly trying.

"So...what are we and our legion of females going to do about this?" asked Susan impishly.

Tania blinked, before a slow grin spread across her face.

"Perhaps it's time the students showed the teachers that we're not going to let the fear of losing points that have no meaning be held against us."

"What do you mean points that have no meaning?" asked Hannah.

"What do we get when we win the house cup? I mean outside of bragging rights?"

Susan and Hannah looked at each other. What did they get out of the house cup, outside of bragging rights at the end of the year?

The unholy spark of rebellion had been brought to life. And the start of it all was an innocent question by Tania.

* * *

><p>A short time later...

"Wait, wait...you're planning to rebel because of the house cup?" said Tonks.

"We get nothing out of it outside of bragging rights, and they hold the fear of losing points over our head all year. I mean the detentions are annoying, but that's all they are," said Hannah.

"...I'll come up with a list of things you can do, but please, wait until I graduate will you?" said Tonks.

"Deal," said Susan and Hannah eagerly.

"So where is our unspoken leader anyway?"

"McGonagall gave her extra homework again. Said her last assignment wasn't good enough and that she had to redo it or get a Troll," said Hannah angrily.

"She really dislikes Tania for some reason."

"It seems time for us to move to phase two."

"Remind me again, what was phase one?" asked Tania.

"Gathering the army. Not much point in revolutionizing the school without back up. And considering you've more or less liberated most of the stuffy pure blood girls by telling them it was okay to modify their robes..." said Tonks.

"They're more likely to at least hear me out."

"Trust me on this. They're almost all pamper princesses and the only way to get anything done is to get to them early. The pure bloods hold the power in this country, and nothing that's been done has ever

changed that."

Tania took the seat left open, and thought about it.

"The muggleborns want to completely integrate technology or science too quickly, the pure bloods are afraid of change, and it doesn't help that the powers on both sides want to keep the status quo the way it's been for generations, with only variances on how to treat the creature-inheritance and new bloods," she summed up.

"Pretty much. Eventually most muggle-raised students go back to what they know, but it just means that there's less and less magical bloodlines still alive. It doesn't help that you-know-who wiped out any lines that didn't agree with him," shrugged Tonks.

"Or that Dumbledore has allowed the Ministry to become so corrupt that you can pretty much do anything you want if you know who to bribe. Take the Malfoy family for example...they've got the Minister himself in their back pocket," said Susan with disgust.

"So the question is how do we promote change, without trying to shove mundane ideals down the throats of the pure bloods," said Tania.

"Well you made a real start when you freed us to alter our robes _our_ way and express ourselves," said Tonks.

"That was an accident. I never knew McGonagall would take it so badly," said Tania, shrinking into herself.

"Well it definitely sparked a revolution among the houses. Which is exactly what this school needs. Now, the next step with most of the girls on our side is to target the traditionalist teachers. Most of which fall under McGonagall's lead."

"Not Dumbledore?"

"Please, everyone knows she would follow him even if it meant committing murder. She might bitch about it, but she would eventually do it. She's his pawn to keep us in line without getting his hands dirty," scoffed Tonks.

The younger girl's eyes widened. They hadn't realized it was _that_ bad.

"So what do we change next?" asked Hannah eagerly, wanting to change the subject.

"Music," said Tania flatly. She couldn't _stand_ the Weird Sisters, because it sounded like someone who didn't know how to play. Most of the wizard's music sounded like people who barely knew how to keep a tune.

Tonks grinned.

"I know who to ask if we want to hack the muggle's radio signal. He's been wanting an excuse for it for years."

"What house is he in?" asked Susan.

"It's Lee Jordan from Gryffindor."

"Then keep my name out of it. Gryffindors and I don't agree... especially since McGonagall made it clear she has it out for me."

"Not to mention the fact that the Weasleys have made a point to target you for no reason. They're die hard supporters of the 'Light' side, and if they don't like you then people are going to make serious questions as to which side you support," said Hannah.

The only reason people didn't automatically brand her as Dark was because she was a Hufflepuff. It was stupid.

* * *

><p>Tania was passing by an empty classroom when she saw it.<p>

A grand piano, one that didn't have any dust on it.

Curious, she walked inside and opened the lid. The keys were well worn, but obviously loved. Touching a few, a clear sound was heard. It was obviously tuned properly.

Class had ended, and she had taken lessons for years on how to play. It had been one of the attempts for Petunia to get her to open up (it worked better than the ballet had). She was still allowed to take them once she got home, if she was interested, because the teacher said she had a knack for it.

Remembering a song she heard on the internet on her old computer, Tania tried to recreate it. It helped that the song was mostly played with piano in the background.

Smoothly she switched it over to Beethoven, which she did know how to play.

It wasn't until the song ended that she heard clapping. Her head whipped over to where Professor Flitwick was.

"Well done! Well done indeed Ms. Potter! I haven't heard anyone play that well in some time! We still keep it tune, but most years it's left out of use," said Flitwick excitably.

"I'm so sorry! I had no idea this was a club room!" stammered Tania embarrassed. She just liked playing as a hobby.

"It's perfectly alright! How would you like to join the music club? We could use a good player who knows what they're doing, and the only instrument that we use is the violin...and she's not very good at it."

"Well...the violin and the piano are often played together..." said Tania.

"Excellent! The next meeting is on Wednesday," said Flitwick. "You should know that there is a charm that can replicate the piano so you can practice without one. We had to develop one when the piano was in need of repairs."

"Really?" Tania perked up.

A little while later...

"NO WAY! You know how to play piano?!" said Hannah impressed.

"I wasn't really that energetic growing up, so my aunt tried a lot of things to get me to open up. It wasn't until I got shadow that I started to really talk to people. One of the few things that I seemed to actually enjoy was playing music, so she had me take piano lessons since I couldn't really get the hang of the violin."

There were several things she tried, but only a few she stuck with.

Gymnastics, piano, swimming, reading and dancing were the only things she could stick with. She had almost ended up in martial arts lessons like Dudley (he was thrown out for bullying), but Petunia argued it wasn't feminine enough.

She had a rather large collection of sea shells. She had gathered most of them during family vacation, and it was a harmless (and free) hobby, so her aunt allowed it.

"So where are you going for Christmas?" asked Susan. It was a month away.

"I'm heading home. I have to have some photos developed so my aunt can see the castle properly, and I promised I would. I think she'll be happy," said Tania.

It also made it easier for her to slip out and deal with the dragon in the castle. She didn't have to worry about any wards picking up if she brought any of the Lesser Nobodies out.

"I always heard muggle families hated having magical children," said Hannah. Tania winced.

"My aunt doesn't like magic, but she is afraid of it. When I got my letter she was really unhappy because she said magic took her sister from her, even before she was murdered. She used to be really close until my mother was accepted into Hogwarts, and one time she just asked to see the castle for herself since she heard so much about it. Dumbledore sent her a flat refusal, stating that she couldn't see it anyway and it really upset her. My uncle though...he hates magic. He thinks it's abnormal, so my aunt lied and said I was accepted into a boarding school in Scotland without saying which one."

"I hate to be rude...but do you remember, you know...that night?" asked Susan.

Tania went really quiet.

"I remember everything. The doctors all said that the reason I was so withdrawn was because of the trauma caused by seeing my mother die in front of me. That it would take some time before I could function normally, and to keep trying," said Tania, almost in a whisper.

It wasn't until she found Shadow that her mind cleared up and she was able to function something close to a normal girl. She still called

her aunt every week, though most of the time that was to complain about the school and the sheer stupidity that was in it.

She really had a lot to say in the first few months.

"So what's your aunt like?" asked Susan.

"She's really OCD when it comes to cleaning. She wasn't cruel, but she didn't know how to handle having someone so withdrawn around. Still, she did at least try. I almost forgot! I'm going to be having another little cousin soon!"

"Really? Is your aunt pregnant?" squealed Hannah. There was something ingrained in all females to gush about new babies.

Tania shook her head emphatically.

"Dudley is her only child. Apparently something when wrong after he was born. They've been on the adoption list for two years now, and she said they might be getting a pair of twins soon from the agency after Christmas," said Tania.

Left unspoken was the fact that the agency had to make an inspection of the home and more importantly of Tania's mental state. A lot was riding on how she was after the initial assessment.

Considering she was far more vocal and outgoing than she had been during that first meeting, Petunia had high hopes. Vernon didn't care so long as he had Dudley and he didn't have to deal with the infants.

"So...twins?"

"A boy and a girl. Aunt Petunia didn't give me the specifics, but she said that they were remodeling the house to prepare for the twins ahead of time. Which means I'm not likely to get much sleep this summer if it works out."

"Hello sleepovers," said Hannah grinning.

"Many, many sleepovers," agreed Susan.

"So how goes the gathering of the pre-teen and teenaged army?" joked Tania.

"It goes very well indeed. The idea of being allowed to listen to our music and not what the old fogies tell us is acceptable is causing quite the buzz. Especially among those mundane-raised. Apparently they don't really like the Weird Sisters either," said Hannah.

Some had complained that the boy band era sounded better than the Weird Sisters.

7. Beaches and revelations

"So you'll be sure to call me during Christmas?" said Hermione.

"We did exchange cell phone numbers for that reason," said Tania.

"So what are you going to be doing for Christmas?"

"I'm thinking of asking my aunt for more piano lessons over the summer, but outside of an important meeting for my aunt we're heading to the beach."

"...Why the beach?"

"I like collecting sea shells, and my aunt seems to think that's a harmless reward for behaving all year. Besides, she hates the cold," said Tania shrugging.

"Well I hope you have a pleasant Christmas Tania," said Hermione.

"You too, Hermione!" said Tania cheerfully. Shadow was sleeping in her oversized shoulder bag, because he refused to go near her trunk.

He might play the part of a doll outside the castle, but he refused to be stuffed in the trunk.

Petunia raised an eyebrow at Tania when she left the pillar, and noticed that her eyes seemed more alive, more aware than they had been prior to leaving home.

She also wasn't wearing her usual coat. Petunia had taken Tania clothes shopping for normal clothes before she left for Hogwarts, though she rarely had reason to wear them considering her feud with McGonagall.

Which was why the first chance she had once the train was going was to switch out of her coat and into something a bit more normal.

She had a lavender purple short sleeved shirt with a light fuchsia flora pattern on the bottom and white trims. Her jacket was a light purple color with white linings and she had a pair of long white pants that went with her shoulder bag...which had a Moogles charm hanging off the side that Shadow had given her. She was wearing sensible black and purple boots, since she wasn't that big a fan of sneakers.

In short, she looked like a perfectly normal girl and nothing like the witch she was.

Petunia did a ten second inspection of her niece before sniffing in approval that the girl showed some common sense. With the trunk placed in the back of the car by a disgruntled Vernon, Tania watched as the scenery passed by.

Vernon stopped her before she went into the house.

"I'm only going to give you one warning girl. No magic or funny business during the holidays. Are we clear?" he asked irritably.

"Yes, Uncle. I was thinking of continuing my piano lessons and only doing my written work over the holidays," said Tania.

"Good. So long as I don't have to see any of this magic nonsense, I'll pretend you're not one of those lazy fools who do everything with a wave of a stick," said Vernon gruffly.

Tania barely avoided rolling her eyes, which would have been bad.

"To be honest I've been doing my own laundry for months now," said Tania, hoping that might earn some points in her favor.

She guessed correctly.

"Good!"

With that bullet dodged (and wondering when Petunia told him the truth) Tania brought her trunk up to her room, which was covered in a sea pattern with her sea shells hanging up on the wall.

"_Finally, kupo!_" said Shadow, glad to be out of that bag. He had to pretend to be an odd doll the entire ride and he was cramped.

"Just be patient. Once I deal with Maleficent you might be able to have more room to work with," said Xion.

"_I can't believe _Merlin_ called you the Princess of Nobodies. Does that make you like the Princesses of the Heart, kupo?_"

"We can ask him once we see him. For now lets just get ready for the meeting and hope for the best. Auntie really wants to adopt those twins," said Tania, stretching.

* * *

><p>An important looking official graced the door of Number four. Petunia ushered him in, with Tania already sitting on her spot on the couch with Shadow in her arms. Vernon had learned to tolerate his existence for one simple reason.<p>

Tania had claimed Shadow was a doll from a video game, and therefore not magical at all. And had proven it through multiple sources.

Petunia was already planning to get her niece a copy of the games she mentioned, particularly the one based off of the Disney franchise because they were purely normal in origin and keep her grounded in reality.

She knew there was a magic class, but as long as Tania didn't go recreating it she would turn a blind eye.

Besides, it might give her niece a chance to build some form of bonding between her and Dudley.

"It's a pleasure to see you again, Mrs. Dursley," he said politely.

"It's a joy to see you again Mr. Thomas," said Petunia pleasantly.

Thomas went over to Tania and greeted her first, once he had

exchanged pleasantries with Vernon. She was the true test of the meeting.

"How are you doing today, Ms. Potter?"

"I'm doing very well, Mr. Thomas," said Tania. He raised an eyebrow at the sound of actual emotion in her voice.

"I see. Who's your little friend?"

"His name is Shadow. He's a Moogle," said Tania brightly.

"From _Final Fantasy,_ if I'm not mistaken. My son plays that game too, though he's more infatuated with football," said Mr. Thomas.

Tania looked at him closer, then she realized why he seemed familiar...and not because he had been there before.

"Oh, you're _Dean's_ dad. He's not as rude to me as the other Lions are."

Mr. Thomas' eyebrows shot up. It took him a few seconds before he realized the connection.

"Indeed. I'll be having a talk with Dean about that later, I assure you."

"I don't think it's entirely his fault. His head of house is very rude because I dared to modified the 'correct' uniform, despite the fact all I did was add a zipper and some silver decorations."

"Now I'm definitely going to have a word with him later."

Seeing Petunia's confusion, Mr. Thomas dropped the fake pleasant attitude he'd had before and brought up a real one.

"My son is what they call a 'muggleborn'," he said by way of explanation.

"I prefer the term first-gen or new blood myself. It's hard to get Hannah and Susan to use the word 'mundane' instead of muggle, which sounds more like a made up word," said Tania.

With that particular ice broken (and making it easier on Petunia to explain the school her niece went to) Mr. Thomas went through all the routine questions and observed Tania's mental state.

He could say with perfect honesty there was genuine improvement, even if he had to alter a few things in his report. In fact the odds were now in Petunia's favor to get the twins.

He calmly told them that they'd get the report on whether they qualified as 'adopters' by the time they returned from their vacation.

Petunia was torn between relief and surprise that the civil servant had a son who also went to Hogwarts. Instead she put it out of mind.

That was one hurdle over with.

Now to face another.

"What did you mean that the lions were rude to you?" she asked Tania.

The girl snorted in annoyance.

"It seems that because McGonagall doesn't like me for altering the robes and sparking other minor changes of the school uniform, she's chosen to treat me like Professor Snape treats the Gryffindors. She singles me out whenever she can get away with it, and as a result the Gryffindors are rather rude to me. I have no friends at all with that house, which is ironic considering I'm good friends with several Slytherins, who are their rivals. And everyone says that if you're sorted into Slytherin, you're doomed to become a dark wizard or witch," said Tania in annoyance.

"What's your opinion of the houses?" asked Petunia with honesty.

"Slytherin is for the old bloods who don't want to give up their traditions...or for those with actual ambition at eleven. Gryffindor is full of the jocks and popular kids. Ravenclaw is for the smart kids and those who are generally loners because they like to read and learn. And Hufflepuff is for those who understand loyalty and getting their hands dirty, or wouldn't fit anywhere else," said Tania bluntly. "Which reminds me, I printed these out for you Auntie."

Petunia accepted the pictures, which weren't the best quality, but gave a good overall view of Hogwarts from the inside out. Tania had borrowed a broom and the help of the older years to properly document the outside of the castle.

* * *

><p>The Caribbean was beautiful during winter, and full of other tourists that wanted to avoid the colder climates of their own homes.<p>

Tania loved it. She spent hours looking for sea shells to add to her collection, as Dudley spent hours trying (and failing) to surf or impress the girls. He was having better luck learning how to stay on a surfboard.

It was during one of her aunt and uncle's "little honeymoon days" that she decided to check on the Castle That Never Was. It wasn't like she would be missed for a couple of hours, and she made it clear she was more interested in sea shells than the sea at the moment.

Which was good because she'd heard a report of some nasty jellyfish were about to swarm in the area.

Donning her coat, she went through the Corridor of Darkness and returned to the one place she could never forget. For all the sadness that came from being part of the Organization, she had a lot of good memories as well.

Xion went through the castle methodically, and the one thing that struck her as odd was the absence of Heartless or the witch that controlled them.

By the time she reached the "apartments" of the Greater Nobodies that made up the Organization, she had failed to see a single hint of Maleficent.

Yes, there was evidence she had been in the castle for some time. Some dark tomes carelessly left behind, or random potions and experiments here and there.

But Maleficent was absent.

Xion didn't like it. It was too quiet, even for the castle. And she didn't think Maleficent would hand over the realm so easily.

That was when she heard something fly past the Castle at high speeds, causing the windows to rattle.

She ran to the window to find... a massive phoenix-like Nobody, flying around. There was clear evidence of wounds on it's body, and what could only be massive claw marks.

It was blatantly obvious that this creature had chased Maleficent off, which was funny considering the witch didn't seem like the type to back down.

Sensing an intruder to the castle, the thing screeched loudly as it dove towards where she was.

Xion ran to one of the outer parapets, ready to do battle. She had no idea that such a Nobody existed! She had never seen one like this before!

She brought forth her keyblade, and was about to jump at the thing when it suddenly stopped just outside of her reach to jump.

The thing seemed...confused?

It screeched, and on a hunch, Xion summoned some of the Sniper Nobodies just in case.

It screeched even louder, before doing a full circuit of the castle and coming close enough for her to touch.

It was even bigger close up, but Xion had the feeling this Nobody wasn't interested in attacking her like it was before. Instead, the thing seemed to...nuzzle...the top of her head.

Xion petted it's strange body, which made the creature happy.

"You chased off Maleficent, didn't you?"

It screeched, a little lower.

"Tell you what. You can keep the higher reaches of the Castle if you don't mind guarding the World That Never Was," said Xion.

It made something akin to a trill, before taking roost in the higher reaches of the castle. Xion was about dismiss the Sniper Nobodies, before an idea occurred to her.

"You can tell the others they're welcome to stay in the castle as well, so long as they don't bother the apartments," she told them.

The Nobodies chattered, and disappeared. A few seconds later a good chunk of all the types filled the castle, making themselves at home. They left the 'apartments' alone.

Xion checked her watch. She realized she should probably return before anyone suspected anything.

Dismissing the keyblade, Xion grabbed a few spares of her coat and stuffed them into her bag before returning. She made sure to gather several sea shells to cover where she had been the entire time.

A good thing as well, since the life guard came up to her to warn her that the jellyfish were being washed ashore and that she should probably head in until they were removed.

She narrowly avoided stepping on one as she headed back to the hotel.

Once in her room, she was confronted by Shadow.

"_Well, kupo?"_

"Maleficent was chased off before I got there. I told the Nobodies to guard the castle until I needed it. I also grabbed some spares for both of us," said Xion.

Shadow dropped a foot in shock.

"Maleficent_ was chased off?!"_

"A massive Nobody I've never seen before did it. It was about to chase me off, when it stopped. I think it recognized me or something," said Xion confused. Then she remembered something.

She had seen 'Fawkes' a few times, and had thought it had unusually dark coloration.

Was the headmaster's phoenix really a Heartless he had bound to him? Merlin had mentioned that the Darkness had an unusual foothold in this world, and that it had attached itself to a boy some time ago.

Was he referring to Dumbledore, and not Voldemort like she had thought?

8. A meeting with the ghosts

Xion returned twice to the castle, and found it full of Nobodies. They seemed to be happy in the Castle That Never Was, and they ignored Shadow as a matter of course when she brought him.

Shadow was thrilled to have a place to do some actual experiments without having to worry about being seen. He honestly never thought he'd return to this place after leaving with Roxas, his best customer.

Xion even started to customize her room again. She kept some of the shells she couldn't fit into her bag, as well as a small plant that was actually a small paopu fruit tree. She had gone to that island to gather the shells and some of the fruit.

One of which she kept to try and grow some in the castle. She sent one of them to Neville, intact, as a Christmas present. He was a nice boy, and she had high hopes that growing one of those trees in this world would bolster the Light, rather than the Darkness which festered.

* * *

><p>Petunia was on pins and needles waiting for the mail man to arrive. They had returned a few days ago, and not a single letter had shown up from the office.<p>

Once the mail came through the door, she was quick to snatch it up.

The sound she made upon recognizing the symbol on the letter causes everyone in the house to look at her strangely.

Tania comes down to hear the news.

Petunia scans the missive...and nearly collapses.

"We've been accepted. We can adopt the twins after they're born in April," said Petunia.

"I'll hire the contractors. You two should be ready to put your

things in storage just in case," said Vernon to the children. Dudley pouted, but Tania had long since moved most of her things to the room in the castle. Aside from having to store the ornaments in her room and some of her books, she didn't have anything that would be lost.

She considered the castle more of a home than this place, even if she was on speaking terms with the people who lived here.

Besides, it meant she didn't have to worry as much in the event she accidentally used magic in front of Vernon and had her school things locked away.

* * *

><p>"Hey, Tania! Over here!" shouted Hermione. Tania was wearing her familiar black coat, which had the Hufflepuff crest on it.<p>

This was so she could wear it to class and not get told off for it. It wasn't a robe, but it was easily mistaken for one.

"Hey, Hermione!" said Tania, waving to her friend.

"Phone at least once a week," said Petunia.

"I will, auntie," promised Tania.

"I'll warn you if we have to put your things in the basement until you return. You're lucky you don't have to sleep through the din," said Petunia.

Depending on how much the cost was going to be, they might end up sleeping in a hotel or visiting Marge while the construction was going on. Since they were adding a few extra rooms, Vernon agreed to add a sun-room below the addition so they could host fancier dinner parties.

They had considered moving to a new house, one with extra bedrooms, but had found that the ones they were interested in would always be snatched up at the last minute, or the house would be out of their accepted price range.

It was frustrating. And it meant that their only option would be to add to the house.

Petunia fully planned to give Tania a bigger room, and to leave the smaller bedroom for the infants. It would be closer to the master bedroom where they slept, and Tania was almost certain to become very cramped in that tiny room. It barely fit her things as it was.

Besides, what girl didn't appreciate a bigger closet?

Tania sat next to Hermione, comparing vacations.

"I can't believe you met Dean Thomas' dad over vacation."

"It gets better. We got a letter saying that my aunt was allowed to adopt a pair of twins when they're born. They're going to be renovating the house while I'm at school," said Tania.

"Wow. That's pretty lucky. My parents renovated their practice to allow more customers in, and the racket was horrible," said Hermione. "That reminds me. My sister has been asking if you could come over during the summer. None of her friends really like the same games, and she heard you got a copy of the entire _Final Fantasy_ set."

"I liked _Kingdom Hearts_ better," said Tania.

Even if it was beyond weird playing a game that was practically a playable version of what actually happened.

"I forgot, you're the girl with an honest to god Moogles as a pet," joked Hermione.

Shadow perked up hearing the word Moogles, but went back to sleep once he realized she was only making a reference. He had been up all night crafting in the Castle That Never Was, and chasing off the Dusks. He'd had to put a barrier around it, even though he was there when Xion asked them to leave the room alone.

As the two chatted, Tania couldn't help but remember the odd letter

Merlin left for the Dusks to find.

They brought anything suspicious to her first, once they confirmed it was safe. Her existence was more important than theirs, and despite their lack of Hearts or emotions, they still put her safety first.

With the removal of Maleficent before she even arrived to the castle, Xion had more or less staked her claim on that world as hers. It didn't help that the only one the massive Nobody would listen to was Xion, or that the Nobodies had more or less taken over that world and removed any trace of Heartless from it.

And that massive Nobody was more than happy to keep Maleficent from reclaiming control over the Castle That Never Was.

So now Tania had to find a way to explain where she was when she went to meet Merlin in Hollow Bastion.

He had told her exactly where to find him once her school let out for the summer.

What Tania found on her bed when she returned to her 'room' in the Hufflepuff dorms made her instantly suspicious.

Who would leave her an oddly shaped package with no name on it? Her suspicion only went up when she read what the note said.

She could feel the magic on the thing, and she wasn't about to put it on without having someone check it first. Especially with the fact that the twins were known to leave such pranks out in the open.

So she opened up her trunk and tossed it into the bottom, covering it with books.

With the knowledge that the wards didn't detect the opening of the Corridor, or anyone using it to get around, Tania had left most of her new clothes in her closet inside the castle. She also left the books she wasn't reading on a bookshelf in her room, making her trunk far lighter.

On the plus side, she no longer had to rely on house hold charms to get her laundry done. She could use the washing machine like a normal person. Never again. She hated having to wear wet clothes because her charm work was still at the same level of a first year's.

* * *

><p>Tania paid extra attention to Fawkes, during the rare times he joined the meals in the great hall. It wasn't until he took flight that she realized he had a lighter feathers on his chest. Feathers that seemed to take the form of a strange heart shape. The other feathers seemed to have a tendency towards the darker side of the color spectrum, without actually being black. It was almost like the phoenix was living under a shadow.<p>

"Has the headmaster's phoenix always looked like that?" asked Tania one night at supper.

"Looked like what?" asked Diggory, one of the upper years.

"Well his coloring is a bit strange. I mean all the pictures I've seen of phoenixes have brighter colors, and look more like fire. And he has a weird mark on his chest," said Tania.

Diggory squinted. He didn't see anything out of the ordinary.

Tania suddenly shivered. Sir Nickolas, the Gryffindor ghost had just passed through her.

"_Terribly sorry!"_ said Nick.

"It's alright. You didn't cause any harm," said Tania.

"_You should be wary, young keyblade bearer. If the headmaster knows you can see his familiar's true form, he might target you before you can defend yourself," _said Nick quietly.

Tania had a very good poker face. She kept her expression normal, making no sign she heard the warning.

However she did learn one important fact.

The souls of those who lingered in the castle knew what she was... and they saw fit to warn those who could see the true nature of darkness before they revealed themselves.

Time to do some digging with the ghosts, to find out how deep the rot went.

* * *

><p>Tania went in search of the ghosts. She found out from the Fat Friar that they had regular meetings at random points in the castle.<p>

Finally she spotted one and followed them into a room on the seventh floor.

She remembered reading about this room from one of the many books in the library, so she walked past it three times imagining the meeting hall of the Castle That Never Was.

It was there she found the castle ghosts.

"_Welcome young keyblade bearer. Interesting choice in locations to meet with us,"_ said the Fat Friar.

"I thought going with the familiar would help," said Xion, taking her seat in the extremely tall chairs. The ghosts either milled about or settled around her.

"_Now that we're all here, we should get started. First I would like to welcome the newest keyblade bearer in many years. By what name do you call yourself?" _asked Nick formally.

"My name is Xion, but you should only call me Tania outside these walls," she said equally formally.

"_Very well, Lady Xion. Hail and well met," _said the Bloody

Baron.

"Hail and well met, guardians of Hogwarts. I wish to know how far the rot of Darkness is, and how much I will have to clear out to restore the balance," said Xion.

"_I'm afraid it's not that simple. The _headmaster(Nick spat out the word like a vile curse)_ has deeply rooted himself in all branches of government that would allow change. He is the source of why the Gryffindor house seeks to ostracize you in the castle."_

"Why?"

"_He recognized you as an unknown element when you openly disobeyed his pawn, Professor McGonagall. The fact you managed to prevent her from keeping the children in a stagnant state angered him. It doesn't help that you alerted the pure bloods that the deputy headmistress could have the house elves confiscate their personal property with little chance of them having it returned. The return of something as simple as modified robes has created ripples among the students. He fears change, for it risks the chance of them realizing he's not as Light as he's been pretending,"_ said the Gray Lady.

"_There's also the matter of the dementors that breached the wards. He still hasn't found the source of the breach, and it angers him,"_ added Nick.

"Actually that was my fault. I summoned some of the lower Nobodies and it apparently registered as these..._dementors_... to the wards."

Every ghost turned to stare at her, shocked. Finally, Nick spoke.

"_You... you can command the silver beasts known as Nobodies?"_ he said slowly.

"They know me. They recognize me as one of them, because for a long time I was."

"_Prove it,"_ said the Bloody Baron.

While they were outside the normal routes, as proud members of the lingering dead, they still heard rumors.

The group known as _Organization XIII_ could travel through corridors made of pure darkness, solely because they were protected by their black coats.

Xion managed to stand, and open up a corridor on the arm rest of the chair. That was enough to convinced them, especially when she walked into it and poked her head out.

"_So the girl who lived is a Nobody,"_ said the Baron. It explained a lot.

"Actually I'm not Titania Potter. The infant died the night of the attack, and I was asked if I wanted to take her place so that her soul and heart could be sent on to Kingdom Hearts along with her

parents. It was too sad that the infant died, so I said yes," admitted Xion. It was something she had been hiding for years.

To her surprise, the Bloody Baron shook his head.

"_The goblins acknowledged you as Titania Potter, so by the laws of magic, you are her. While your soul might have been someone else before, the heart does not lie. However this does present an opportunity. You are uniquely suited to ending the false phoenix once and for all. Albus Dumbledore will be too busy trying to find out where it has gone to bother going after you, at least for a while. Especially if you dispose of it on another world,"_ said the Baron.

It was a sound plan. Albus _needed_ "Fawkes" to keep up the belief he was a wizard of the Light. If the bird suddenly disappeared, and something happened, it would shake that belief among the people he had bewitched.

Especially if he started to make questionable actions.

It wasn't until Tania left the room that she found out the hard way she had stayed talking too late.

She was busted by the worst person possible for being out after curfew.

Professor McGonagall.

* * *

><p>"HOW? How in the name of magic did you of all people lose fifty points in a single go?!" said Hannah baffled.

Tania almost shrunk into herself at the stares of the entire house.

"McGonagall caught me out after curfew. She said I 'flouted the rules' too often for her to let it go, so she took fifty points and said I had a weeks worth of detentions," said Tania.

"Flouted the rules my ever changing ass! You're one of the few students who always behaves, and almost never breaks even the lesser rules! Besides, the most I've ever heard being taken for getting caught being outside after curfew is thirty, and that's when Snape or Filch busts you!" said Tonks hotly. This wasn't right!

"Yeah, it's not like you helped Hagrid try to raise a baby dragon or anything!" said Hannah.

"What?"

"Oh, it's all over the school. Hagrid won a dragon's egg over the holidays and was fool enough to try and raise it in his _wooden_ hut. Nearly set the entire house on fire, and they failed to catch the infant who fled into the forest," said Susan. "Aunt Amelia was _furious_, because the headmaster managed to keep him from getting anything more than fines simply because he's the Supreme Mugwump of the Wizangamot."

He also managed to stop any chance of them inspecting the castle, to see if Hagrid had any other...pets...that violated the laws of what wizards were allowed to own.

"...Why a dragon though?"

"Everyone knows he's always wanted one. Couldn't resist I suppose," said Tonks. "Speaking of weird and potentially dangerous pets, has anyone else heard barking from the third floor?"

"_Barking_" repeated Susan.

"Yeah, I had to take a side hallway because the stairs changed without warning, and I ended up on the third floor. Was passing the forbidden room when I heard something that sounded an awful lot like a dog barking loudly. More than one, in fact," said Tonks. If she hadn't been almost late to class, she might have tried to find the source.

9. End of Year Exams

Tania checked the corridors. It was empty and so was the room she was going into. Professor Flitwick had written her a pass stating she could practice as much as she wanted on the piano in the music room, provided it wasn't after curfew or during class. Considering this was the weekend, and there wasn't any class, she decided now was the perfect time to try and recreate a song she had saved on her new music player.

She didn't get as many presents as Dudley, but what she got was usually more to her tastes and she took excellent care of it. Shadow turned out to be a fountain of knowledge when it came to shielding electronic devices from 'magical' interference, as well as finding a way to charge them without needing an outlet.

A simple generator powered by a trapped "Thundara" spell kept all her devices charged without overloading them.

She left the door open so she could hear if anyone came in, and opened up the keys. Once she was situated on the bench, she did a practice run to warm up.

That done, she started to play, going by the sound of the music she had listened to repeatedly for over a week at night, to get the song right.

Once she had the sound right, she began to sing so that she remembered how it was supposed to go.

"_What will I embrace_"

In the shadows of desire

I abandon ideals drenched in pain

It's like this is another world

Even so it is the truth

I will protect you with these stained hands
As I gaze at stars I can't grasp
Now I will brandish a glinting dream in the darkness
So that it will shine down on our overlapping lives
With the strength I have chosen some day I will arrive
Believing that place to be paradise
The hope that is our bond is connecting us to the future
Let's overcome our unhealing sorrow
Unafraid that they'll be broken my full emotions
Are simply waiting for the dawn
_What am I losing? _
As my awakened Heart
Betrays yesterday's justice
Feels like I'm drowning in an imaginary landscape
At the end of love I will live together with you
As I search for a misty star
Now I will release a dream of glory into the sky
So that our Hearts resounding with each another may reach
_I'm screaming that the moment that two wishes become one is a
miracle_
If that violently blowing wind stands in the way of the future
I will cut through it with unwavering courage
I'm simply reaching out my hand to you
_From the other side of the door that is closed each time we're
together_
Now I will brandish a glinting dream in the darkness
So that it will shine down on our overlapping lives
With the strength I have chosen some day I will arrive
Believing that place to be paradise
The hope that is our bond is connecting us to the future
Let's overcome our unhealing sorrow

Unafraid they will be broken my full emotions

Are simply waiting for the dawn."

(The translated opening theme lyrics to "Another Heaven" from Fate/Stay Night _Heaven's Feel_ for PS Vita.)

It wasn't until she opened her eyes, having been so absorbed in her playing that she noticed something.

The Nobodies had gathered around her to hear her play. That or her voice attracted them.

"So you like music? You can stay, just keep out of sight, okay?" she told them.

The Dusks chattered at her, which she took to mean agreement. The Nobodies gathered up in the rafters to hear her play more.

So Xion recreated songs that caught her interest that had piano music in it for them. Sometimes she even sang along with the songs, which seemed to make the Nobodies really happy.

She noticed the sun going down, so she finished the last song and closed the lid on the keys. She looked up at the Nobodies gathered above her and said "I'll look into adding a piano to the castle, so be patient, alright?"

The collective Nobodies dispersed back to the Castle That Never Was, and Tania hid a smile when she saw the teachers scrambling to find the 'rogue' dementors that slipped through the wards again.

Considering this was the second time, and Susan had mentioned it previously to her aunt, it was unsurprising that the inspection immediately drew concerned parents to the castle in droves.

Tania _barely_ avoided laughing when she realized that the inspection had the unintended consequence of calling the wards into question. So much so that Dumbledore had no choice but to allow ward masters in to try and fix whatever holes were in place, because dementors were one of the few things the Ministry took seriously...and the fact that they had broken through not once, but twice made even the Minister panic at the thought of them so close to the children.

Children who were _heirs_ to the very people who kept him in office. People who would be very irate and withdraw funding at the first hint of him not taking the issue seriously.

He liked his padded check. He wasn't about to risk it just to keep Dumbledore happy.

Realizing a chance to really distract the old man, Tania made a point to summon the Nobodies to lay pranks all over the school at random, tripping the wards even more. The Dusks and other lower Nobodies were more than happy to cause mischief.

So much so that McGonagall and other supporters of the headmaster were too busy running around like headless chickens to bother her or notice that Tania was slowly gathering an army of like-minded

students.

It was so bad that she was saddled with Snape for detention because Hagrid was busy trying to locate the problem. That plus the deaths of the unicorns meant he couldn't keep an eye on Tania.

It was payback time for the Gryffindors, and Tania was enjoying every minute of it. Here her friends were gathering a secret army of people sick of their nonsense, and yet Tania was able to get her revenge using creatures that were mistaken for _dementors_ while simultaneously driving the teachers crazy trying to find them!

Still, knowing the headmaster was behind their behavior meant she didn't feel any guilt running everyone ragged, or for making life a little more difficult for the Gryffindors who had been nothing but rude.

Meanwhile Tania was continuing her everyday life as a student, hiding under the radar. She was still weak, and she had yet to fully train her magic back up to what she considered 'standard'. It didn't help that her magic seemed to gravitate towards the keyblade shard in her wand, and felt like it wanted to warp in response.

Until she found the rest of the keyblade, her magic would be iffy at best when using a wand.

Hence why she was beyond thrilled that the wards didn't detect the use of the Corridor, since it meant she could do her own laundry without spells. She also made a point to restock the kitchen and only show up to meals so she could chat with her friends and pretend to eat.

She filled up before hand just in case. If the house elves could be ordered to steal her things, then they might be just as capable of putting something in her food. Her friends all believed she had a bird's appetite with how little she ate. It didn't help that she stocked up on fruits and vegetables that were grown on other worlds.

* * *

><p>Tania looked up to find Tonks grinning at her.<p>

"So how goes the studying for the ickle firsties?"

"Granger is a slave driver with a whip and lemon juice. The only reason she lays off Tania is because her grades are better than hers, even though her control is wonky. Well, outside of household charms anyway," groaned Hannah.

"Actually I've been cheating when it comes to my laundry," admitted Tania. "I_ hate_ wearing wet clothes."

"It's not like you've got access to a washing machine or anything," joked Tonks.

Tania was silent. Tonks stared at her.

"You have access to a functioning washing machine and a dryer. And

you didn't offer to share?"

"What's a washing machine?" said Susan confused.

"A mundane device used to wash clothes, and a dryer dries them out in minutes rather than hours. As for why I didn't share...well, I didn't want to end up doing the folding of someone else's laundry," said Tania.

"Okay, I'll concede that point. Especially if it was a boy's laundry," said Tonks.

"So... anyone have any idea why the teachers keep running around like their head is cut off?" asked Susan, changing the subject.

"Okay, we're not supposed to say anything but apparently the so-called 'dementors' that keep tripping the wards have been pranking the Gryffindors."

Two of the three stared at her.

"Really," said Hannah, interest peaked.

"Apparently there have been reports of ghosts managing to leave pranks all over Gryffindor tower, and Nick has had to set up a patrol just to find out the source. It's been driving McGonagall and the headmaster nuts, because every time these figures appear the wards get tripped...and yet everyone is still in possession of their soul," said Tonks in what she thought was a creepy voice. It made Tania snort in amusement.

She had a fairly good idea of what was going on.

Odds were Nick had recognized the Nobodies for what they were, and had reached a sort of agreement with them. So long as they didn't target the students and kept to playing harmless pranks, they wouldn't tell the teachers what was really going on.

They tolerated Peeves and his annoying pranks, so they could turn a blind eye to the mischief of the Dusks. Especially since it was serving the double purpose of driving the headmaster batty since he couldn't figure out the source and the teachers were worried about dementors.

"Your 'scary' voice needs work. You're about as terrifying as Jack Skellington," deadpanned Tania.

"_Nightmare Before Christmas_?" said Tonks.

"Disney fan?" countered Tania. Tonks nodded, grinning. "Have you played _Kingdom Hearts_?"

"No, but I heard great reviews about it."

"Hermione sent her sister a picture of us and she said that I looked a lot like one of the characters from the series."

"Really? Which one?"

"Kairi, the last Princess of the Heart," said Tania with a straight

face.

It was weird talking about it like it didn't involve her, but she had learned to get used to it.

"Cool. Which reminds me, how far have you gotten with..."

Tania grinned, as she promptly turned into a female version of Axel, and then turned into Roxas.

"Good, but you should watch out when it comes to changing into guys. I once spent a month as 'Nathaniel' Tonks until I could figure out how to switch back, and it hurt like hell."

"I know, but I haven't hit puberty yet so it shouldn't be too bad."

"True."

"I can't wait till summer! Aunt Petunia and Uncle Vernon are going to be adopting a pair of twins once they're born!" said Tania.

"Why are they adopting?" asked Tonks, curious.

"Aunt Petunia couldn't have any more children because of Dudley. So they had to adopt...or to be more specific she wanted more than one child and Vernon agreed to go through the process just to shut her up."

Tania felt somewhat sorry for Vernon. While Petunia agreed to deal with most of the worst parts of having the two infants in the house, he was in for a lot of sleepless nights.

Whereas Tania and Dudley had the sense to leave the house for days on end to avoid being woken up in the middle of the night.

"Didn't you say that your guardians were renovating the house?" said Susan.

"They wanted to buy a bigger one, but someone always bought it before they could, or the price was too high for them to afford. So they settled for the next best thing, which was adding on to the house...besides, it gives them an excuse to add a sun room."

Adding that meant they could hold fancier dinner parties. Fancy parties meant a higher chance of promotion for Vernon. And that meant he was in a better mood overall.

Tania made a face.

"There was also talk of getting a dog."

"Dogs are cute!" said Susan. Hannah nodded in agreement.

"Not when you're getting one from your 'other' aunt who runs a breeding operation for bulldogs. Don't get me wrong, I do like dogs, but Ripper is an absolute menace, and my aunt Petunia hates it when Aunt Marge brings him. But Uncle Vernon likes dogs and it was part of the compromise that he made with my aunt for the twins. She gets the kids, he gets a dog."

"Seriously?" said Hannah incredulous.

"She made it clear she didn't want any pets, and she barely tolerates Ripper. And Marge would likely be more than happy to give her brother a dog for free, or at least at a discount," said Tania, making a face.

She liked dogs, but anything from Marge was sure to be mean.

"What sort of dogs does she breed?" asked Susan.

"English Bulldogs. Ripper once tried to chase me up a tree and Marge would have let him, except Petunia was quick to get a broom and chase him off."

And that was only because she was down and determined to adopt more children, which would be hard if they thought for a moment that she let a dog chase her niece up a tree and didn't at least try to stop it.

"So any ideas what we're going to have to do for our end of year exams?"

"Oh they're pretty easy for firsties. It's mostly an overview of what you've learned, thought in your case Tania you might want to practice a bit more. Your control is still wonky."

"I know and I also know why despite the fact that it was the best match," said Tania. She couldn't wait to find the rest of the keyblade, because the wand contained a small fraction of it.

* * *

><p>"I always heard end of the year exams were frightful. But they were rather enjoyable," said Hermione.<p>

"Speak for yourself Granger. You're the demon who kept nagging us to study, as if they'd put everything we learned in the year on a single test for first years just learning magic," said Hannah tiredly.

"I heard the exams don't get that tough until fifth year. And I swear to Merlin if you think of putting us through this again next year you are so going to be pranked!" said Susan, lightly beating Granger on the head with a book.

"I guess I did go a little overboard. It just that I've never had friends who were willing to study with me before."

"It wasn't that bad," said Neville. Being around Tania, who didn't let anyone bully him had made his stutter more or less disappear. Even if he did use her as a shield more often than not.

"Neville, if Tania didn't find a way to calm down Granger I have no doubts it would have been worse," said Susan flatly.

"Enough of that. How about we talk about other things? Like the mysterious barking of the third floor?"

"Mysterious barking?" repeated Hermione.

"Apparently Tonks heard a few dogs barking on the third floor when she was forced to take a different route to class," said Susan.

"Strange. The only dog I've seen in this school is Fang," said Hermione.

"You actually go to Hagrid's house?" said Tania.

"He's a perfectly nice man, and he doesn't discriminate."

"Hermione, he might honestly believe that the sun shines out of Dumbledore's arse. I'm not about to go to his house without back up including at least one teacher, no matter how nice he seems. And that's not because it's blatantly obvious he's half giant," said Tania flatly.

"Why don't you like Dumbledore?" asked Hermione.

"Let me put it this way. Have you bothered to look at the magical advancements before Dumbledore? I've looked, and it seems to me that after a certain point any progress made in the magical communities seems to stagnate, while the number of first generation magicals_ leaving_ for better jobs rose by twenty percent, and it's been steadily getting worst until it peaked at twenty-five percent or higher...and this was all before You-Know-Who rose to power and went on his murdering sprees," said Tania.

Susan, Hannah, Neville and Hermione stared at her.

"Where did you get that?"

"Owled the Ministry, why? They have departments for practically everything, and if you ask the right one you can get any information you like, if it's within reason."

"You're joking," said Hermione.

"They have such a thing as a Senior Undersecretary to the Minister, for magic's sake. And the woman who holds that has had that position for more than ten years with no attempts to advance," deadpanned Tania.

"You mean Delores Umbridge," said Susan, recognizing the title.

"The same witch who's kept those with creature inheritances down and has made it her personal mission to make lives difficult to people who only turn dangerous once a month, and that's for a few days. People who would be just as happy locking themselves away from others while they're transformed," said Tania annoyed.

"You mean werewolves."

"You know Hermione, if you want a long-term project, how about finding a way to make things more fair for werewolves? I mean I heard a couple of decades ago they actually let a werewolf student in and he graduated with honors as a prefect," said Tania. "His name was Lupin, I think."

And she knew exactly who he was. He used to visit _her_ parents back when the original Titania Potter was alive.

10. The Gauntlet on the Third Floorr

A small figure snuck into the hallway. She was bored, and her friends were currently enamored with a recently enchanted version of Monopoly, or what she assumed was the magical version made by someone with _some_ intelligence to modify the game to suit the magical communities. Hannah was a very enthusiastic dragon, having called dibs the _second_ someone mentioned the game.

Had anyone looked at the figure (well, outside of the ghosts) they would have identified it rather quickly as Tania Potter.

The girl managed to get to the third floor with ease. She heard from a rather irate Ronald Weasley that the door wasn't even protected right, because a simple unlocking charm opened it. He had gotten on her nerves before she could find out what was behind it, but the basic gist was a dog in the room. A big dog.

Xion used her keyblade to open the door, took one look, and her eyes widened in disbelief.

What the hell was Hades' _dog_ doing in a SCHOOL?!

And this _was_ Hades' dog.

Cerberus sniffed the air, and growled.

Xion made a choice. This poor thing was stuck in a room that was barely enlarged big enough for it to move. Why not give it someplace it could roam without having to put up with Hades' temper tantrums?

Xion dispersed her keyblade, hoping she was right.

She walked up to the growling dog and said "Here boy. Come here."

The growling didn't go away, but it didn't try to eat her either. Xion wasn't afraid of animals, and if worse came to worse she'd summon the Dusks to distract it while she made a run for it.

Once she had a hand on the dog's middle head, and started scratching the ears, it went from aggressive to lap dog.

"Oh you poor thing. I bet Hades didn't even bother to play with you at all, did he? And you've been cooped up in this room for all year," said Xion with sympathy.

Cerberus whined, but made it clear he didn't want to go back to Hades.

"How about I take you someplace else? Someplace you can romp around as much as you want and still act as the guard dog? You don't have to put up with Hades or be stuck in this cramped room. And I'm sure I could find something for you to chase and eat," said Xion.

Cerberus looked at her, before licking her in the face.

Xion opened an extra large Corridor of Darkness, and Cerberus started walking until the tail disappeared. Once he was in the World That Never Was, he howled and started running around. Hagrid was nice, but he allowed that bearded pawn to keep him locked up for hours on end with no real breaks. The Nobodies took little notice of him, since it was clear Xion had sent him.

With the dog gone, her curiosity was peaked. What on earth were they hiding down here?

She opened the trap door, and dropped down.

"FIRA!" she shouted, recognizing the plant.

The plant went up in flames, and she shuddered. She wasn't even twelve, but she knew about "that". There was only one person she'd even consider it with, once puberty hit her, and it wasn't some plant.

She walked past the ashes of the plant, and paused when she heard someone running above her. She found an alcove and threw her hood up, hiding in the Corridor to find out who was there.

She heard a thump, and saw... Quirrel? What was he doing here? He seemed annoyed at the hard landing, but moved like he had been here before.

Something about him seemed off, so she followed him. Her ability to sneaking was better than most, considering she had performed recon on much more alert targets. He clearly thought whoever killed the plant was_ ahead_ of him, not behind.

Seeing him hang back, thinking that the student or teacher was still ahead, Xion decided to have some fun with him, if only to get to the bottom of this.

She found some rocks near a massive chess set, and made sure to toss them behind her to where she last saw Quirrel.

Hearing him turn, she also heard the voice of someone else. Someone very close to where Quirrel was. And that made her suspicious.

She got through the next two challenges easily, but hung back once she was through the flames by hiding in the corridor again.

Quirrel was quick to follow her, and was naturally confused when he saw no one there. From her position in the corridor, she could see the ornate mirror perfectly well without having to expose herself.

She saw herself, Roxas and Axel eating sea-salt ice cream like they used to...but when her double met her eyes, she took her free hand to reach behind her...and reveal a red gem. It was placed in her left hand pocket, and something told Xion to leave. She fled down the corridor, unseen by Quirrel or whatever he was, and to the Castle That Never Was. She left the stone in her room, before making it look like she had come from the library by bringing a book she had borrowed with her.

* * *

><p>"So how was the library?" asked Susan, looking up from the game.<p>

"I think I'll avoid libraries. I had flashbacks of Hermione's insane study guides," said Tania, mock shuddering. That set off some laughter, but no one questions where she had been or why she still had the book. Obviously she didn't want to go in after a flashback.

* * *

><p>Quirrel was found dead the next morning, not that the staff was open about that fact. They alluded to it, but said he had taken a 'permanent leave of absence'.<p>

Whatever he had done to himself had come back to visit him big time.

Tania kept her best poker face up as the teacher scrambled to find the dog, and whatever that gem was. She didn't know or care what it was (she would find out later from Shadow when she showed it to him) only that Dumbledore was running around more than usual.

The student gossiped on what happened, but only she had any real idea. So naturally she threw her own outlandish theories around to confuse the issue.

It was on her way to the outside of the train platform that lead to the 'mundane' part of the station that she got a call.

"_Tania, I hate to say this but you might want to ask one of your friends if you can stay with them for a week. The renovation took longer than expected, and Dudley has already had to schedule a few sleepovers,"_ said Petunia, sounding rather haggard.

Tania didn't think about it twice. She walked out of the platform, pretending to ask Hermione if she could stay, and told her aunt "Susan said I could stay with her for a few days, and odds are Hannah wouldn't mind putting me up after that. Unfortunately they're out of cell tower range, but I'll see if they have some magical way of dropping me off near the London Museum."

Petunia let out a sigh of relief.

"_I'm still surprised that the school is within range."_

"From what I heard, one of the first gens set up a cell tower in hopes of annoying the headmaster. So anyone who can get their cell to work can use that to contact their families," said Tania cheerfully. Which wasn't entirely true, but it was good enough.

"_Stay safe and call me when you're about to enter London or within range of a tower," _said Petunia.

"I will auntie."

This was the perfect opportunity to visit Merlin. And check up on

Cerberus. She ducked out of sight before Hermione spotted her, which would ruin everything if she found out that Tania was going off the grid for a week or so.

Once out of the corridor (having checked up on things in the World That Never Was...and finding out that Cerberus apparently knew how to travel through something similar, because he was feeding himself and perfectly content to guard the castle... Xion decided to visit the one place she thought might have a piano, since she had checked the castle and never found one.

Castle Oblivion.

It took her an hour, but she did locate a white piano. She could only guess NaminÃ© or someone had added it purely for aesthetic value, since it had never been played. It had taken some of the bigger Nobodies to move it through the corridor (mentally she made note of which ones in case she had to redecorate), but the main thing was she had something to practice on.

She even found some of the drawings NaminÃ© made. Some of which made her scowl, because they only showed her old self as a figure in a cloak.

Once she had completed the theft, she made her way to Radiant Garden. It used to be Hollow Bastion, but Merlin and Cid changed it back.

She walked through the streets, completely ignoring the heartless around her. At least until she spotted Leon and the others. They were the only ones likely to know where to find Merlin.

So she flipped her hood on her jacket up, obscuring her features, and walked up to them.

"I'm here to see Merlin. He should be expecting me," said Tania.

Leon's eyes narrowed at her.

"I don't recall Merlin saying he had an appointment with a Nobody," he said coldly.

"_Who are you calling a nobody, kupo! She has a name, kupo!" _said a belligerent Shadow.

"You followed me Shadow?"

"_I needed to pick up specialty parts from Cid, kupo. He should have my order ready for a new Gummi ship, kupo," _said Shadow, sitting on her shoulder.

Leon stared at the odd scene.

"Well if a Moogles likes you enough to show up in person and let you call him by name, then you can't be all bad," said Leon. He noted with amusement that the Moogles let the girl hold him like a doll, rather than float after her.

Upon seeing the cloaked figure, Merlin quickly jumped up.

"Ah, Titania! You're earlier than I expected. I didn't think you'd get here until later in the summer!"

"It's Tania. And my aunt asked if I could avoid the house for a week, so I thought I might as well come here and get an early start."

"You know this girl?" asked Leon.

Tania removed her hood, revealing her original form with black hair and blue eyes.

"She's a student at a school I founded that's doing some investigation for me," said Merlin.

"Tania Potter," she said, holding out her hand.

"Leon. You're not part of Organization XIII are you?"

"I had a minor...disagreement...shall we say, with the leader. I left and haven't looked back, though I am still trying to find some of my friends if they survived," said Xion honestly.

"Most if not all of them are dead," Leon informed her.

"Some might have survived. I went back to the castle and found that a rather large Nobody had driven off Maleficent," said Xion.

Leon stared.

"A _Nobody_ drove off that dragon?"

"I haven't seen one scale of Maleficent in the Castle That Never Was since I took over, and I've been going to and from it regularly. Besides, I think she would have objected to having Hades' pet dog running around."

All of this said with a perfectly straight face. Merlin hid a chuckle.

"...You know what, I don't want to know."

Xion giggled.

"So are you ready to start your apprenticeship in magic?"

"I need to work on my control. The wand I bought might match me, but it's been acting rather wonky when it comes time to cast," said Xion.

Merlin cheerfully took Xion into another room with the door left open, while Shadow started haggling with Cid over some parts for his old Gummi Ship.

While it was easier to use the corridor, it was extremely awkward explaining why he had Nobodies carrying his packages for him. And Xion didn't seem to mind if he tinkered or made the room smell strange.

He was still baffled over where she found an almost perfect copy of a

Philosopher's stone that almost worked like it should. It wasn't the real thing of course, because no human could possibly come close on that world, but it was close enough.

She didn't have to worry about paying for his potion supplied anymore at least. The idiot wizards couldn't tell the difference between alchemically made gold and the real thing, and he wasn't going to be bothered by the thought of basically swindling the magicals.

* * *

><p>The three fairies were beyond appalled at Xion's outfit. She hadn't bothered to switch out of her school uniform, as she had intended to only remove her coat to pass for a normal girl.<p>

However it wasn't exactly flattering, nor did it work very well as a battle outfit.

A few good attacks, and it would be less than ideal for protecting her modesty.

So like they did for Sora, they gave her a new look. All of them arguing over which one suited her best.

"Blue!"

"Pink!"

"Green!"

Xion looked rather adorable in the dress, but it didn't really suit her.

"Um... I like purple and blue," she offered.

Eventually they settled on a style that suited her, but she didn't mind letting them try out new ideas with their magic. After all, what was the fun of having only one battle outfit? The magicals on that world certainly didn't know how to make them, and ordering one would only draw suspicion.

Xion suddenly blinked. She had no idea what that world was called.

"Master Merlin, what is that world called anyway?"

"Lost Avalon," he replied, not looking up from his search.

"Ah! Here we are! The most basic of basics!" said Merlin, pulling out a book.

Xion took one look at the book and face palmed.

"I know how to cast magic without a wand, it's with the one I have that I'm having trouble."

"Oh? Let's see it then," said Merlin.

She pointed it at a stain on the tablecloth and used a charm she had become intimately familiar with.

"_Scourgify,"_ said Xion, and she could feel the magic trying to warp. She reigned it in, and the stain disappeared.

"Hmm, hmm, hmm. What an odd spell. I certainly never taught my students to use a made up language. And I can see what you meant by trouble with the wand. While it suits your magic, it's incomplete and is straining to become part of a whole," said Merlin.

"I think they just modified Latin and altered it to suit their needs," said Xion.

"What is the wand made out of?"

"I forgot about what the wood is, but the core is a fragment of a broken keyblade."

"And there's where the problem is. A keyblade is not meant to be used as a wand core."

"I know, but it was better than using phoenix feather, dragon heartstring or unicorn tail, which was the only available options in the main stream wand shop," said Xion.

"Well let's see if we can't find you a better core."

In the end they had to substitute a Light Crystal for the keyblade fragment. It worked much better, though she kept the fragment in hopes of finding the rest.

End
file.